CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. IV. Contents for July, 1908 No. 3

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Illustrating "The Sieges of Quebec."

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Issued Monthly. Price: { Canada and Great Britain $1.00 a year. 10 cents the copy. { United States $1.50 a year. 15 cents the copy.

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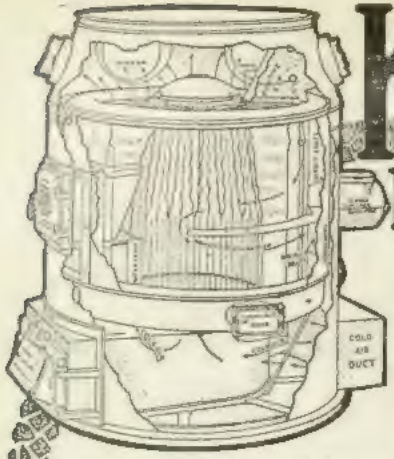
Entered in the Post Office at London, Ont., as second class matter.
Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Vanderhoof-Gunn Company, Publishers
WALKER THEATRE BUILDING, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA Telephone 5322
OFFICES AT
LONDON 382 Clarence St. TORONTO 68 Victoria St. MONTREAL 522 Board of Trade Bldg. CHICAGO 1502 Marquette Bldg.



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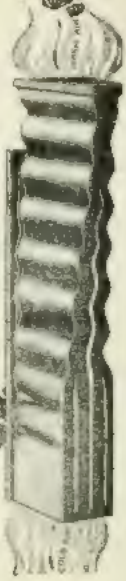

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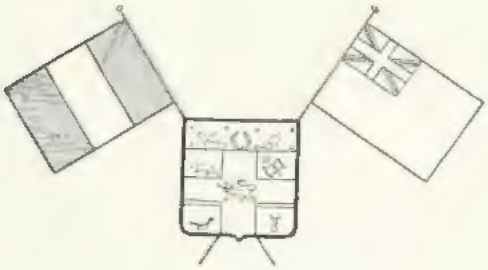
QUEBEC

Fierce on this bastion beats the noon-day sun;
The city sleeps beneath me, old and grey;
On convent roofs the quivering sunbeams play,
And batteries guarded by dismantled gun.
No breeze comes from the northern hills which run
Circling the blue mist of the summer day;
No ripple stirs the great stream on its way
To those dim headlands where its rest is won.

What thunders shook these silent crags of yore!
What smoke of battle rolled up plain and gorge
While two worlds closed in strife for one brief span!
What echoes still come ringing back once more!
For on these heights of old God set his forge;
His strokes wrought here the destinies of man.

Frederick George Scott



D. BLYTHE HANNA

Third Vice-President of the Canadian Northern Railway

CANADA WEST

VOLUME IV. JULY, 1908 NUMBER 3

EASTERN PROSPERITY AND WESTERN RAILROADS

BY D. B. HANNA

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPH—SEE FRONTISPIECE

THE commercial history of Western Canada begins in 1670 with the charter by which Charles the Second constituted Prince Rupert and seventeen of his friends "The Governor and Company of Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay," and permitted them to trade over an area of 2,500,000 square miles. For these tremendous privileges their only obligation to the Monarch was to supply him annually with two elk and two black beaver from the country over which they practically assumed sovereign rights.

The toll of elk and beaver has long since been superseded by a less picturesque method of making annual reports. The difference between the elk and beaver of the "Governor and Company of Adventurers" and the voluminous reports of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Canadian Northern Railway, and other large concerns, is the difference between Western Canada without transportation and Western Canada with transportation.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the race to which we belong is the pioneering instinct.

It has made us what we are.

Why do men carry implements and wives into the far country of the Peace River when a thousand miles nearer the best market for their produce there are square miles of fertile land to be obtained for the asking? A gentleman, whom I will not name, was asked if he would sell, at a magnificent profit, his interests in a railway system.

His answer was, "No, I *like* building railroads."

The instinct of the Peace River agriculturist is, vitally, the same as that of the railway projector. Each is the complement of the other, and each contributes to the newness of life that comes to the migrating millions of the race, without which no empire can save itself alive.

The impulse that brings my fellow countrymen to Canada is not always the desire to acquire a little money. It

is rather the reassertion of the elemental quality in virile mankind, which, first in the Garden, was impelled to subdue the earth, and later founded colonies and transplanted empires across the face of the planet.

Abraham trekked out of Ur of the Chaldees under divine direction. Thousands of settlers in the Canadian West were moved by the same influence, though they didn't recognize it in the lantern lectures of the Dominion Government's agents, or the restrained advertisements of steamship and railway companies.

It is profitable, occasionally, to dip into the earlier literature of the Prairie Provinces of to-day.

To glance over the prophecy of a living General in the British Army—Sir William Butler—written in "The Great Lone Land" in 1871, as you cross Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta in a luxurious train, is to make you fairly well satisfied with what has been accomplished. Butler trailed from Fort Garry to Edmonton and MacLeod, and returned over Saskatchewan ice. Reading his book you breathe an atmosphere of isolation, not to say desolation. But in the middle of it there is the prediction of settlement and abounding grain fields—a prediction fulfilled in his own time. Butler's journey was made just two hundred years after the charter of the "Company of Adventurers" was granted.

The intervening years had seen the Company's work spread over a vast, immeasurable territory, and had produced Lord Selkirk's heroic efforts to found an agricultural community, imported via Hudson's Bay to the Red River. But there was a majestic vacancy about the whole land.

Even when a corner of the country had become sufficiently civilized to need an armed force to dissipate political rebellion the white population was pitifully sparse. The advance guard of ploughmen pioneers from the East soon afterwards began to break through the woods and waters of the Dawson Route.

But there could be no real advance so long as the Red River and the Dawson Route governed the going-out and coming-in of the people. Men looked for railways as eagerly as a lost voyager looks for the dawn.

They got the railways; but they have never been satisfied with them and never will be so long as there is a railway builder in whom the pioneering instinct expresses itself in parallel lines of steel and in reduced passenger and freight rates.

The Canadian Pacific Railway in this connection is the forerunner of us all.

The early promoters of that great corporation have never, I think, received all the credit due for their marvelous and successful effort to bind the East with the West.

Remember the conditions under which that great enterprise was accomplished.

Between settled Ontario and the Prairies there was a wilderness of poverty. Between the Prairies and the Pacific were ranges of mountains which many people thought no combination of engine and capitalist could penetrate.

The end-all of the scheme was foreseen by some excellent men to be unpaid bills for axle grease.

Financially the times were unpropitious. In 1879 Sir Sandford Fleming felt compelled, in view of what he considerately called "the necessities of the situation," to advise the Minister of Public Works to "establish a great Territorial Road on the site of the main line of the Pacific Railway from Lake Nipissing to the north side of Lake Superior."

When, in 1881, the first Canadian Pacific rails were laid west of Winnipeg, the white population between the western boundary of Ontario and the Rocky Mountains, and between the United States boundary and the Arctic Circle, was 66,161. Manitoba contained 59,187 whites, of whom 8,000 were in Winnipeg and several thousands were brought in by railway contractors.

The true population indicator of that time is the fact that in the Northwest Territories there were only 6,974 whites, practically all living on the fur trade and business with 49,500 Indians.

It was only in 1876 that civil government was organized in the Territories, and Governor Laird, who took up his

abode at the newly-founded Battleford, and who still lives in Winnipeg, has described the perilous conditions under which he journeyed officially to Fort MacLeod, that is now in the fall wheat section of Southern Alberta.

Eliminating British Columbia, then, the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1881 began to open up territory 900 miles long and 300 miles wide—taking, roughly, the Saskatchewan Valley as the northern frontier—with a population of 66,000, or one-fourth of a civilized person to the square mile. But in the Territories, or three-fourths of the prairie country, there was only one white person for every thirty-five square miles of cultivable land.

The Canadian Pacific builders were of another sort. True the Company was given an unprecedented stake in the possibilities of the West. But its early history was one of hard times, and for years was a load of care to those who had riveted to it all of their own fortunes and as much of the fortunes of other people as they could attract to their cause. That it is to-day an enterprise of which all Canadians are proud is gratifying alike to the Dominion and to the Company.

Look at some facts that are concomitant with Canadian Pacific history: Beginning with 1851, the growth of white population in twenty-five years has been as follows:

	1881.	1906.
Manitoba.....	59,187	365,688
Saskatchewan and Alberta	6,974	
Saskatchewan....		257,763
Alberta		185,412
Total.....	66,161	808,863

A multiplication of twelve in twice as many years should satisfy the worst enemy of race suicide.

Quite as illuminating as the growth of population are the immigration returns, which show that during the year ending June, 1896, the total immigration to Canada was 16,835, and in the year ending June, 1907, 256,000. But this century had come in before the immigration reached 50,000 in a year. In 1901-1902 it was 67,379, and in 1902-1903 it reached 128,364.

Equally illuminating is the growth of actual settlers located on free lands granted by the Dominion of Canada.

Thirty years ago, or in 1877, 845 homestead entries were made, aggregating 135,200 acres (a homestead is 160 acres), but 54 per cent. of the entries were subsequently cancelled, the duties required under the Homestead Act not having been complied with; and the land reverted to the Government. Five years later, or in 1882, when the railway reached Brandon, the Homestead entries were 7,485, representing 1,197,220 acres, with cancellations of 47 per cent.

Twenty years later, or 1902, the Western Country had passed the experimental stage and the larger movement of settlers was in full swing. Then began what has often been called the "American Invasion," and that year, in addition to hundreds of thousands of acres of land sold by land companies to actual settlers, 22,215 Homestead entries, representing 3,554,400 acres, have been made.

The figures were:

	Homestead Entries.	Acreage.
1903.....	32,682	5,229,120
1904.....	26,513	4,242,080
1905.....	34,645	5,643,200
1906.....	42,012	6,721,920
1907(10 months)	25,305	4,048,800

Up to the end of June, 1907, it may be conservatively estimated that over 30,000,000 acres of land have been granted by the Crown to legitimate settlers in Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan, and to this acreage add the sales made by railway companies and land companies of approximately 20,000,000 acres, and it is not difficult to foresee that the Canadian West must soon become the bread basket of the world.

The Surveyor-General of Canada estimates that in Saskatchewan and Alberta alone there is a total land area, after deducting 30,080,000 for water, of 324,125,440 acres, of which, he says, 106,240,000 acres are suitable for growing grain, the remainder being suitable for ranches and mixed farming.

The influx of people and occupation of land have been coincident with

railway expansion on the prairie itself, to say nothing of what has been done elsewhere to serve the West. The Comptroller of Railway Statistics informs me that this year there are in Manitoba 2,823 miles of railway, and in Alberta and Saskatchewan 3,173, a total of 5,996, with hundreds of miles under construction.

The great expansion in immigration in 1902–1903 was in a most remarkable degree coincident with the extension of the Railway with which I am associated. The Canadian Northern claims no special credit for the phenomenal increase in immigration, but it cannot dispute the fact that the rapid development of the enterprise opened up a wide and fertile territory and made it possible for the accumulating tide of new settlers to locate on free or cheap lands near to markets and general supplies.

It is not my function to laud the particular enterprise to which I devote my working hours, or to defend it from criticism to which, in common with other systems, it is subjected. But, as it is essentially a Canadian undertaking projected and governed by typical Ontario men, it is perhaps not unfitting that some note should be taken of what has actually been accomplished to meet such a situation as is embodied in the immigration and census figures I have just given. Besides enjoying the privilege, as I do, of being the first officer of the Company in the immediate charge of all its operations from the first day a wheel was turned, I am able to speak from a personal knowledge of what has been done.

I shall refer exclusively to the lines west of Lake Superior.

Ten years ago, or in 1897, we operated 100 miles of railway through a then unsettled country. Traffic was light and the train service limited. Our equipment consisted of three engines and some eighty cars all told, a working staff of less than twenty men altogether; and a pay roll for the year under seventeen thousand dollars.

The gross revenue for the first year was under sixty thousand dollars, but it was more than sufficient to pay our debts. During that year we handled 25,700 tons of freight and carried 10,343 passengers—nothing particularly impressive in these figures. To-day, or ten years afterwards, we are operating, now that the last rails have been laid on the Brandon-Regina Line, 3,345 miles. We have an equipment of 237 locomotives; 219 passenger cars, including 35 sleeping and dining cars; and about 8,500 freight cars of all kinds. These figures, of course, do not include the large number of locomotives and cars ordered and now in course of construction by the builders.

The twenty men of 1897 became 10,700 in 1907, with a pay roll of over five million dollars per annum. And these figures do not include the large construction forces which at times run into thousands of men.

The gross earnings are now on a basis of over ten million dollars per annum; the freight handled for the past fiscal year was 1,822,220 tons, and we carried 703,988 passengers. We are accepting freight and passengers for 411 different points west of Port Arthur.

If I were dealing with Eastern as well as Western Lines, I could say that the Canadian Northern has become the second largest railway in Canada. Only a chastened humility prevents me enlarging upon the fact that, with 2,990 miles in the West actually in operation, 150 in Ontario, 531 in Quebec and 431 in Nova Scotia, we have in all 4,059 miles in Canada.

To me, however, the most fascinating result of the past ten years of Western development is that the Canadian Northern System is responsible for the creation of over 150 townsites, on which at least 70,000 persons (exclusive of Winnipeg and other large centres) have found homes tributary to that railway.

I think it is reasonable to estimate that at least one-third of the growth of Winnipeg in this century is directly due to the business opened up by the Canadian Northern.

Let me repeat, we claim no special credit for that. But even railroad men are not devoid of the instincts of citizenship and may be allowed to reflect without boasting that they have inaugurated communities wherein the institutions of a free, strong and intelligent people may mature.

The railways which connect Winnipeg with populous Eastern Canada are Western Lines, inasmuch as without them the West could not be served. They bind the East to the West and the West to the East as nothing else could. They are the abiding symbol of Canadian nationality, and, as they increase in number, they make the nationality the more abiding also.

Geography has been liberal to us.

It has also placed a leviathan responsibility upon our shoulders. The lakes are the friend of the West in summer, but steel is its defence against the rigors of winter. The railways are more vital to the national prosperity than water; for rails can do without the help of navigation, but navigation, of itself, would be impotent against the forces that tend to an identity of interest between the Western United States and the Western Provinces.

The function of railway transportation in the West, then, is to keep open communication with the East.

On purely commercial grounds it is infinitely more important to the East than to the West that it should be so. May we not say that it is true, also, as a matter of sentiment.

It is not necessary to argue that the present day prosperity of Eastern Canada is the fruit of transportation in the West.

It is conceded, on the one hand, that the rural population of Ontario has declined. On the other hand, the manufacturing population of Ontario has enlarged out of all proportion to the increase of Ontario's demand for Ontario-made goods; while the Winnipeg warehouses of Eastern manufacturers tell an eloquent story of the origin of modern Canadian growth and pay tribute in the fullest sense to the wisdom of the rail connections with the East.

The supreme importance, then, of transportation to this aspect of our national growth is too obvious to be recounted.

If it is true that for Canadian solidarity there must be more and still more communication to and from the West, the principle is equally important Imperially.

In the wise settlement of transportation problems lies the premier aid to strengthening the ties that hold a loosely-compacted, world-spreading body politic together. While statesmen have discussed closed union by half a dozen means, the railways of Canada have opened up new country which, within a decade has offered homes and new prospects to four hundred thousand British-born people, whose experiences have doubly enriched the Empire through its reflex action upon the friends they left behind.

There is room for millions more, thanks to the same pioneering agencies. It is not necessary to discuss the wisdom of "pumping them in" before you discern the immense worth to the Empire as a whole, of the access that has been afforded the resources of the Dominion by the railways of the Dominion.

In the United Kingdom a great deal has been said of late years about the extreme need of having capable business men in public administrative positions.

It would be impossible, I suppose, to run the Empire on the principle of strict accountability which governs transportation management. But if governments made as good a job of dealing with new conditions as, on the whole, railways do, I venture to believe there would be less complaining in the land and fewer thorny and perplexing problems of high politics for able editors to discuss.

The statesmen have the advantage of us every time.

Governments who do the popular will get all the money they need, and do not spend anxious nights trying to discover the relation of labor demands and of the increased cost of material to net earnings. They produce pay rolls as the precocious youngster told his sister the Lord produced kittens—"The Lord just says, Let there be kittens, and there are kittens."

We are beset by so many trials that we have scarcely time to complain of anything.

If we want to build a branch line for which farmers are clamoring we are

faced by enormous advances in the price of everything from ties to teams. Our managers' offices become the constant Meccas of trainmen, trackmen, telegraphists, skilled and unskilled men looking for more pay. While the hosts of men who serve the railways—and on the whole serve them well—all the time desire to take more money from the till; the passenger, if two or three of his newspapers can be believed, want to put less into it. In the West there is a mile of railway for every 134 people. In Great Britain there is a mile for every 1,911 people and perhaps 70 per cent. of the employees do not receive five dollars per week; yet we are asked to carry passengers at the same rate as the English railways.

The statesmen who have only to say, "Let there be revenue," and there is revenue, are to be envied.

But we have no time even to become envious, and are lucky to find opportunity to tell part of the truth about ourselves. I shall feel compensated for breaking out in an unfamiliar and dangerous role if I have assisted any to think more kindly of the railway enterprises that have brought some of the hidden treasures of the West to the generous hearths of the East, and to appreciate some of the difficulties that daily crowd upon them.

THE WILD GEESE

By Cecil E. Selwyn

WHERE are they going, these wide-winged birds,
Traversing swiftly the azure blue,
With "Cach! Cach! Kek! Kek!" and "Honk-o-honk"
Or ever the grass is green in hue?
To northern seas where the walrus swims
And the white bears fight and growl,
While cliffs resound both night and day
With the clang of the wild sea fowl.
With "Cach! Cach! Kek! Kek!—Honk-o-honk,"
Saying stern winter has flown,
They go on the breath of the warm Chinook
To nest in the Arctic zone!
They fly from the bank of the warm lagoon
Where the white pond lilies blow,
Thro' the shine of the sun and the gleam of the moon,
To the realms of eternal snow.

THE LAST LAUGH

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

Author of "The Reclamation of Cass"

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK NOTEWARE

DAME NATURE is a very rapid person when it comes to making and cementing friendships. In the haunts of men two mortals may live in the same block for twenty years and never have more than a formal bowing acquaintance with each other; in the woods a few hours will suffice to bring the same two to the point of slapping each other on the back, trusting each other as never would be possible in the city, and possibly even experimenting with each other's sense of humor.

Two days after David Kilterson reached the spot in Northern Manitoba where he had elected to spend his vacation, he and Morris Deane were on exactly those terms and by the end of the week they had forsaken respectively the farm house and the summer hotel and gone into camp with two men they had never seen before, Wilson Lesbit and John Wisner. All four were from Winnipeg, which made an additional bond if one were needed. They sailed and fished and hunted, and at night built a mighty camp fire and smoked and talked around its inspiring glow. They might have gone on in this primitive and satisfactory life until the month's vacation was up, but Deane remembered a promise made to one of the girls at the hotel to the effect that he would bring his friends up to the semi-weekly dances. The others protested, but he was firm. It was a promise—would they have him break a promise and to a lady? They said they would but he still insisted, so with groans and lamentations they went; and that was the end of the entirely simple life for them.

What there is about a crowd of pretty girls that makes every young man desire to shine by telling a funny story at the expense of some other young man has never been made clear, but as a fact it is beyond dispute. In this case Lesbit began it by telling how Wisner prepared a dish of scrambled eggs. The original dish had been absurd enough from a culinary standpoint, but it was not so absurd as Lesbit's story.

By way of retaliation, after he had been gently "guyed" on the egg experience, Wisner put the girls in possession of certain largely imaginary facts relating to Lesbit's effort to broil a chicken without first removing the feathers, his idea being (according to the story) that this could be done later. His veracity being questioned, he proved his tale by appealing to Kilterson, who cheerfully corroborated every detail. This brought the latter clearly within the Munchausen circle, and shortly thereafter he discovered a story in circulation to the effect that he had spent three-quarters of an hour trying to "land" a water-logged piece of wood, under the impression that he had caught a whale. Deane laughed at this so heartily, that Kilterson did not feel comfortable until he had told, with great circumstantiality of detail, how Deane had devoted a full half hour to an effort to get his sailboat under way without first raising the anchor.

The girls were very appreciative There was one little girl in particular—the one to whom Deane had made the promise about the dances—who had a trick of turning her wide-eyed gaze upon the narrator in a manner to fire the dullest imagination. It was under her direct encouragement that Deane got off his account of Kilterson's flirtation with the farmer's daughter. This tale troubled Kilterson.

It was altogether too elaborate and

AT [illegible] HE THEY SW KEL [illegible] D TALKED AR [illegible] ND A CAMP FIRE

too specific, and there was just enough of truth in it to make it hurt. As well he had got up at seven o'clock in the morning to help [illegible] milk the cows, had held her hand on divers occasions, and finally, after graphically describing his success, had had his ears boxed when he tried to kiss her. As a matter of fact, the only milking he ever attended was in the evening, and she did not box his ears when he tried to kiss her, but that was because he dodged. As he did not know who was responsible for this story, he retaliated by telling one on each of the others. Still that did not satisfy him. He took the clothing in good part, but it annoyed him more than anything that had preceded it, and when the story finally found its way into the local paper (without names, of course, but in such manner that he could be readily identified), he set himself the task of finding out who was responsible for its publication. It proved to be Deane. The latter had accidentally made the acquaintance of the editor, and had loaded him up with yarns about the camping party. This was only the first of the series; the others followed.

"Never mind," said Kilterson, significantly. "I'll fix him. He's jumped right into my field, and I'll make it interesting for him."

Kilterson had previously mentioned that he was a newspaper man, so this reference was understood.

"What's your plan, David?" asked Lesbit.

"I'll put the joke on him in Winnipeg," answered Kilterson. "I'll send a tale down there that will keep him busy answering questions for awhile. It won't be much of a tale as to length, but I guess it will do. What do you think of clandestinely marrying him to some girl up here in the woods?"

"Great!" cried Lesbit. "I'll help you get it up."

Lesbit and Wisner both had suffered since Deane began supplying the local editor with items, and they were

anxious for revenge. They gave Kilterson the benefit of their advice, and the result was a very brief story of the romantic courtship and marriage of Morris Deane while on a vacation in the woods of Northern Manitoba. The farmer's daughter, under another name, was compelled to do duty as bride.

"It's short," said Kilterson, "but it will answer the purpose. A longer story might be crowded out, but if this goes down to the city over my signature it's sure to get in print. I think the suggestion that he was captivated by her winsome ways when he went to the farm house to buy eggs will do the business for him. George! I'd like to be on hand to hear the chaffing his friends will give him when he gets back Let's see! I'll send this down to-night, and Saturday we're all going home He'll begin to hear about it Sunday, and then we might each drop him a letter, asking if he thinks the newspaper account has been settled in full to date That will sort of 'rub it in'"

Kilterson reported for duty the following Monday morning, and the first thing he did was to look over a file of the papers to see if his little story had been printed He found that it had appeared in the issue for the previous Friday. Thereupon he chuckled

"What's the joke, David?" asked one of the other reporters

"Wait," replied Kilterson. "It's a good one, but wait for the finish I'll tell you about it later."

"If it's so everlastingly funny," was the retort, "you might tell it to the M E.; he's just been asking for you."

The M. E. being the managing editor, it was inadvisable to keep him waiting, and Kilterson repaired at once to his office

"Mr. Kilterson," said the managing editor, "you sent down the item about that romantic marriage at Lake Sewauquah, I believe"

The smile on Kilterson's face died away. Such an inquiry not infrequently portends trouble in a newspaper office However, he naturally had to acknowledge that he sent it

"It's a quaint, odd little story, and, if true, was worth more space," suggested the managing editor. "Are you sure of your facts?"

Kilterson gave a sigh of relief. It was only a matter of judgment that was in question after all.

"I thought of making it longer," he said, "but I was afraid the night editor might not have room for it."

"Well, never mind that now," replied the managing editor. "We may be able to make more of it later. Of course, you know it to be true."

"Certainly, sir," was the unblushing response; "but I really don't see how there can be any more in it now."

"That depends on circumstances," returned the matter-of fact editor. "There may be a breach of promise suit in it. There was a young woman in here inquiring about it this morning, and I suspect the man who accompanied her was a lawyer. I told them you were one of our most reliable men and I was sure it was all right; but — Why, what's the matter, Kilterson? Are you sick?"

"No, sir—a little startled by the thought of getting mixed up in such a case; that's all. Not very agreeable, you know."

"Possibly not, but it's only speculation on my part, anyway," admitted the managing editor, "but she was extremely agitated. However, I'll call you when she comes back, and then we'll get the facts."

"A breach of promise case!" muttered Kilterson as he retired. It never had occurred to him that any serious complications could arise from the joke, but now he had to admit that the managing editor's presumption was quite probable. How would he get out of the predicament in which he found himself? How could he satisfy the managing editor, satisfy the girl, and straighten out matters for Deane? The situation was nerve-racking

"How about that joke, David?" asked the reporter, who had caught him chuckling a few minutes before. "Are you ready to tell it yet?" Then, as he got a better look at Kilterson, he added, "Great Scott! look at the way the man is sweating, and it isn't such a frightfully hot day, either!"

At this there was a chorus of in-

quiries, but Kilterson ignored them. In fact, he hardly seemed to hear them, his mind being more than moderately busy with his own thoughts. If he confessed to the managing editor, he knew that he might as well tender his resignation with his confession. If he confessed to the girl, she would be naturally indignant, and very likely would complain to the managing editor. Furthermore, from her point of view, he would be simply contemptible; she wouldn't see any point to the joke Girls had no sense of humor. Still, he owed something to Deane, and this seemed to be the only thing to do. But he didn't know her name or where she lived.

"How about that joke, David?" asked the troublesome reporter, again.

"There isn't any," replied Kilterson, lugubriously. "There never was any Humor is only tragedy disguised. Don't bother me."

He started for the entrance to the building, in the hope of intercepting her when she came back, but he was too late. The managing editor's office boy caught him before he got to the elevator.

"Kilterson," said the managing editor, as he entered and cast a hang-dog glance at the pretty young woman who stood there eyeing him with pathetic anxiety. "I have assured this lady that your story is true in every particular—that you were present when the ceremony was performed. I understood you to say that."

"Oh, I know it is true," cried the girl—she was nothing but a girl—"I can read it in his face."

"I assure you," began Kilterson, but the girl had turned to the managing editor with an imploring expression.

"I want him to come with me," she said, "to—to confront my husband."

"*Your husband?*" said Kilterson, feebly. This was too awful! She was so young and so beautiful!

The managing editor, alert for a story, but not above a feeling of sympathy for beauty in distress, turned to Kilterson: "Go with Mrs. Deane," he said, "and"—his eye added—"get what available copy there is out of it."

Kilterson, his mind in a whirl, but not without a glimmer of hope as he left the managerial presence, walked beside the girl down the hall to the elevator. She had pulled her veil down and he thought from one or two little sounds he heard that she was crying. He called himself everything in the list of opprobrious epithets, but he got some comfort out of thinking that as soon as they were safe from being overheard he would tell her the facts and take the consequences. He had indeed ceased to worry about the consequences to himself. All he wanted was to bring smiles instead of tears to this beautiful face with the tender youthful curves and the great dark sorrowful eyes. But as soon as they were in the street, she began to speak without waiting for him. Her voice was low and unsteady and the pathetic music of it went to his heart. What blundering idiots men were with their attempts at facetiousness! What joke could ever be funny enough to justify the risk of causing a girl like this one moment's unhappiness? And how she must have been suffering since Friday when that miserable lie came out. But what of Deane? True, he had never said explicitly that he was not married, but he had never said that he was, and he had certainly paid more than a little attention to that blue-eyed little girl who had made him promise to come to the dances. Of course one excuses a certain amount of that sort of thing at a summer resort, but with a wife like this graceful, drooping creature that was walking close beside him, what could a man see in any other girl?

"I could not believe it when I first saw it," she said. "Morris was away. I read it over and over, and wondered what to do and where to turn. To think that Morris whom I had always trusted so ——"

"But let me—" Kilterson broke in, but she did not listen.

"The moment I saw you," she said. "I knew it was so You have such a truthful face."

Kilterson groaned.

"I have been at my mother's all of the time," she went on, "but I telephoned Morris that I would meet him at Gunter's this noon."

Good heavens! It was at Gunter's that Wisner and Lesbit were to meet him to arrange a joint letter to Deane, which should round out the joke. To run across those two now would be the crowning apex of agony

"But, Mrs. Deane," he began, desperately—they were nearing Gunter's—"you must let me explain."

"What can there be to explain, Mr Kilterson?" she asked, with pathetic resignation. "You saw him married to the farmer's daughter. Poor thing! she is to be pitied, too."

This marvellous magnanimity completed Kilterson's demoralization. "But it is all a lie," he burst out, before she could speak again, "a miserable lie."

"Oh, Mr. Kilterson," she said, "I can appreciate your wish to shield your friend, and"—she raised her veil and gave him a glance full of confidence—"to spare my feelings, but it is too late I did hope, of course, that there had been a mistake; sometimes newspapers are not careful in their statements; even after your editor assured me of your reliability I still hoped. But when I saw your face and the straightforward veracity in your eyes, I gave up. I knew then that the story was true." The veil went down again.

Talk about rubbing it in! Kilterson felt that he would like to get down on his knees and beg her to stop. He imagined that the passersby must read in his face the sack-cloth-and-ashes condition of his soul. The girl by his side was going on with some half-murmured reminiscences about Morris, but he hardly heard. He was thinking miserably that after he had convinced her of his own lack of honor that she would never see him again. He took her arm to help her across the street. Gunter's was in the next block. He must tell her.

"Mrs. Deane," he began, but she turned to him imploringly.

"Don't talk to me now," she said, "or I shall break down. Morris is to be waiting for me in the first alcove on the left. I know he hopes to persuade me that the story is false, but when he sees you who actually witnessed the ceremony—oh, here is the place. Come."

Side by side they walked across the

Good Heavens! It was at Gunter's that Wisner and Lesbit were to meet him

wide room to the first alcove on the left It was occupied. There seemed to be several people in it. Kilterson's hopes gave a bound If Morris had mistaken the place there was still time to explain. But Morris had made no mistake. There he sat at the opposite side of the round table a happy grin on his face and the other people were Wisner and Lesbit and that blue-eyed girl from Montreal

Kilterson after one dazed stare turned to his companion She had put up her veil and the dark eyes that had been wells of sorrow were dancing pools of merriment Deane stooped forward

'David, my dear fellow,' he said 'it is a great pleasure to have you with us on this occasion You have met Miss Henderson with a proprietary wave toward the blue-eyed girl, 'but allow me to introduce her as the future Mrs. Deane"

Kilterson recovered sufficiently to bow to the blushing Miss Henderson Then his eyes went back to the girl at his side.

'Let me also present you to my sister,' said Deane, 'Miss Eleanor Sapphira Deane—Mr David Ananias Kilterson'

The dark-eyed girl held out a slim white hand and Kilterson took it He was still in a dazed condition in which the white hand seemed the one reality

'Now,' said Deane, 'if you have quite done shaking hands"—Eleanor withdrew her hand hastily—'pray let us be seated There is a tale to tell

Kilterson allowed himself to be steered to a chair "I should say there is,' he said He looked at Wisner and Lesbit.

'Not guilty,' they said promptly

'You remember,' said Deane, when the waiter had come and gone, "that I changed my plan of coming down with you on Saturday and came Sunday Miss Henderson and her self came on the same train and Miss Henderson stopped off to size up her future relatives You found Eleanor greatly excited over the bloody newspaper story and when I told them you must be responsible for it they planned this little home-coming for you I hunted up Wisner and Lesbit and persuaded them to be with us at the celebration"

'The point is that you seem to have been on the wrong end,' said Wisner 'The next activity is ours'

"It is," said Kilterson, "and let us have it immediately I would suggest a box party at the theatre for the first evening the ladies have disengaged Provided I can show that the amateur performance of the professional on the stage will not prove too tiresome—he turned with a bow to the laughing girl beside him—'to the instrumentalists we shall have in the box'

THE BABY

BY CY WARMAN

FIRST, the baby's bonny eyes
Caught the color of the skies,
Then I looked upon his hair,
And the sunlight lingered there;
But he never seemed so sweet
Till his chubby little feet
Ambled out across the lawn,
And caught the color of the street.

THE MODERN MAN AND THE GOSPEL

BY SHAILER MATHEWS

THIRD PAPER

EVERY sane man hates death. Why should he or those he loves be forced to die? Even more does he hate to see evil men comfortable. The suffering of the good man has always been the great enigma of life. One instinctively feels that evil-doing should bring misery, and virtue happiness. Why should neither be true?

I.

Throw this problem into terms of nationality and we have the enigma confronting the Jewish people. The solitary servant of Jehovah in the world of pagans, the Hebrew people could not understand, why, if Jehovah really were the great God who made heaven and earth, and if indeed all the gods of the heathen were idols, the servants of Jehovah should feel the monstrous tyranny of those who denied Jehovah's supremacy. It was no academic question, but one of actual experience. The short periods of national prosperity were but oases in the desert of a subject people's history.

Yet misery begat hope. The deep life of faith which beat in the heart of the prophets was not content with passive submission. As long as Jehovah was the one God, so long must the future of his people be one of glory. If suffering were the order of the present moment, it was but that a better future might be possessed by those who had experienced the chastening of the Father of Israel.

Thus there developed among the Jews the belief in two great ages. The present age was full of misery; the future age was full of glory. Between the two lay the great deliverance. Sometimes the hope of what that deliverance should accomplish was very sensuous and frankly political. Judea was to be a second Rome. Among the Pharisees it was, one might say, transcendental. The deliverance was that of the nation, but it was not to be accomplished by war. It was to be a great divine catastrophe, sudden, irresistible. But it was to be something more. Not merely the nation was to be rescued, but all its members, whether living or dead. The coming of the new age on the new kingdom was to be marked by the deliverance of the righteous from the greatest curse that beset humanity—death. And deliverance meant judgment. The God of Israel was to take vengeance upon the wicked, but only after all men had been tried and sentenced. Death all must endure, but with different futures. The wicked dead were to go to the burning abyss of hell; the righteous dead were to experience a resurrection and pass over to the joys of the new triumphant, transcendental Jewish kingdom. The anointed King of God would see to it that no one of those who were righteous suffered after the great day of his deliverance, and with equal certainty would see to it that no one of those who had abused the law should taste of the resurrection of the body and the life of the new age. Deliverance from the power of evil, deliverance from the curse of death, the entrance into joy and power—this was salvation as the pious Jew painted it.

It is easy, therefore, to appreciate what the early Christian would understand by salvation. He rubbed out the national element, but he left the eschatological. That from which the individual was saved was the evil in the present age, and above all, the penalty laid by God upon sin, physical death and future suffering.

It has been more or less customary to

generalize at this point and consider salvation in the New Testament sense as a deliverance from sinfulness—a progressive moral change towards the perfection of God. Such a moral transformation is, of a truth, one of the great elements of the Gospel, but from the point of view of the Apostles, it is not strictly a part of "Salvation." It belongs rather to what they would call "life in the spirit," and what our theologians have called "sanctification." Salvation meant, first of all, negatively, a deliverance from the power of physical death through the resurrection of the body and from the terrors of hell with its punishment. In the second place, salvation meant, positively, the sharing in eternal life; that is, the blessed life of the new age which Jesus would inaugurate at His coming, and the "earnest" of which the Christian was already enjoying in the gift of God's spirit. But all was conditioned upon the actual fact of the resurrection of Jesus. The Pharisees might philosophize about a life after death; the man who believed in Jesus had absolute proof of it. By virtue of His life of holiness, and His resurrection from the dead, Jesus was the great historic demonstration of the certainty of this salvation. There was indeed good news about the future absolutely unique. As Paul himself said, if Jesus were not raised from the dead, the Christian hope was vain, and Christians were still under the penalty of sin. With the fact of the resurrection before them, the men of the New Testament looked forward to death unterrified, knowing that He in whom they had believed as the Christ had experienced death only to triumph over it, and that since He was their Christ, He was to be the first fruits of all His subjects. They had been saved, not from sin—though that, too, would follow in the new age—but from the penalty of sin. Their one great duty was to live worthy of their assured future, and their risen Lord. Death was to be to them as to Him but a sleep.

II.

How much akin is this experience of the early Christian to the fear and faith of the modern man! He, too, cannot understand why evil should triumph, he, too, rebels from believing that a man has no future beyond that of the beast; he, too, despite his inability to think of the future in terms of a kingdom and a great judgment day, is driven by that belief in natural law—which is only another name for the mind of God—with which he explains the eternal process of the universe, to demand some yet higher form of life. Already human life epitomizes the life of the universe. Must it, with all its potencies, be the end of the divine plan? Must there not rather be some stage yet beyond when humanity shall lay aside still farther the traces of the beast from which it has come and pass on to a greater likeness to the spiritual self that unseen but ever realizable controls and makes thinkable the world of force and matter? As never before does the misery of men argue something better yet to come, not for life but for individuals. A beast is complacent where a man suffers. A beast is undisturbed by any suspicion lest the universe be unjust. Man alone demands a deliverance from death, not by way of the introduction of a new species for which humanity prepares the way; not by reincarnation—how childish such a proposal sounds—but by a step forward on the part of personalities themselves into that new stage which seems to be demanded as the logical successor of that succession of stages which each man sees in his past. And, curiously enough, Jesus does for the modern man what he did for the Apostles. The *a priori* argument from science, like the *a priori* argument from Messianic hope, finds difficulty in reaching the individual. The race with the modern man, the nation with the Jew, could expect a future, but how about the members of either race or nation? Could any one of them expect to pass over into the better moment and higher life? Or must they like the millions of other lives that had preceded them be content to die that others, their successors might be better and happier? Does immortality mean a new type of being, differing from humanity as humanity differs from the beast? Or will men and

women, John and Peter and Susan, share as individuals in the new life? We shrink from an uncertain answer as man never shrank before. We believe in the advance of the race; can we believe in the persistence of ourselves?

It is because we forget our facts that we have wandered into distress. It is just here that the Gospel is a Gospel. For it tells of Jesus. It is not the fact that hundreds of years ago men judged Jesus to be the Christ of their Jewish hopes, that appeals to us, but the historical fact of His life and resurrection that compelled this interpretation. One great soul who had lived a life of holiness and love and divine perfection has really made the passage through death from the animalistic human to the spiritually human. Here, then, is one personality that persisted. The fact of the resurrection of Jesus appeals to the modern man, not as a matter of ethical renewal, however much such a view may arouse sentiment, but as a scientific datum as real as that of any earthworm or protozoon. It is no longer an isolated fact that he sees in the risen Jesus, but one correlated with the universe of facts. It comes as the test and corroboration of that working hypothesis of immortality which other facts had forced upon him, and which he had hesitated to extend to the individual, just as Peter and James of the Jerusalem church had at first hesitated to extend their general theories beyond the nation.

Thus the modern man awaits a salvation that is no less definite than the salvation of the early Christian. Nay, in essence it is precisely the same salvation. His description and his philosophy and his hypotheses differ from theirs, but not the great fact which really supports his faith in what he and they longed for. Jesus has demonstrated deliverance from death.

The further effects of this new faith must be left to a later paper. It is enough to say now that salvation in the precise Gospel sense of the word—deliverance from death and sin and suffering—needs but to be preached to be dynamic. The resurrection of Jesus, if once apprehended as historical, will be of enormous force to-day. Why should we minimize these elements of the Gospel, and try to substitute for them ethical principles? People want immortality, and will live better if they believe in it. The Gospel is a message of certainty of immortality. To believe it requires no peculiar religious temperament and no particular credulity. A man needs to listen only to the testimony of those men who are the witnesses of the fact of the career of Jesus. When once that has been received and believed, the modern man, like his older brother, is emancipated. He looks forward with confident eye to that world which lies no farther beyond the realm of the senses than the realm of sense lies beyond the realm of chemistry, and prepares to share in its higher joys and possibilities.

Is such a transforming message not worth the telling? Let a minister preach in modern language the Gospel of immortality with all its consequences—and men will listen. And what is more, they will try to live worthy of this better life that is before them. They will be fraternal because they have a Father and a Brother and a new age. They will not be saved because they are good; they will be good because they are saved.

MORE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE BOY

BY SAMUEL ELSWORTH KISER

Author of "Ballads of the Busy Days," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE PRETZ

VII.

I WISH a fire'd start up here, some day,
And all the rest would run away from you
The boss and our long-legged bookkeeper, too,
That you keep smilin' at and after they
Was all downstairs you'd holler out and say,
"Won't no one come and save me? Must I choke
And die alone here in the heat and smoke?
Oh, cowards that they was to run away!"

And then I'd come and grab you up and go
Out through the hall and down the stairs, and when
I got you saved the crowd would cheer, and then
They'd take me to the hospital, and so
You'd come and stay beside me there and cry,
And say you'd hate to live if I would die

VIII.

SHE telephoned a little while ago
And after she had quit and wasn't there,
I went and put my mouth up to it where
Her soft, red lips had nearly touched, and, oh,
Somehow it kind of almost seemed as though
I breathed the breath she left, the very chair
She sets in is a thing I touch with care
When I go past, because I love her so.

She keeps her toothbrush in her drawer: I seen
Her put it there this morning when she knew
That I was lookin', hers are white and clean;
I wonder if, to-night, when she gets through
And no one else is here, it would be mean
For me to brush my teeth a little, too?

THE BRUSH WAS FULL OF OIL AND DIRT AND GRIT
I GUESS SHE'D USED IT ON THE KEYS AND THINGS

IX.

THE lock is broken on her desk: last night
When all the rest had went I staved and let
Them think that I was keepin' busy yet,
And when the boss and clerk got out of sight,
I snuck her tooth brush from the drawer, all right;
I kind of trembled and could feel the sweat
Come on my forrid, but I got it wet
And started in to brush with all my might

If we could git the things we try to git,
We'd be as happy, all of us, as kings,
And never have to brace ourselves a bit
To bear the sadness disappointment brings,
The brush was full of oil and dirt and grit;
I guess she'd used it on the keys and things.

X.

SHE'S got a dimple in her chin, and, oh,
How soft and cute it looks! Her eyes are blue;
The red seems always tryin' to peep through
The smoothness of her cheeks. I'd like to go
And lay my face up next to hers and throw
My arms around her neck, with just us two
Alone together, and not carin' who
Might send it they should see us actin' so.

If I was boss I'd have a carriage here
To take her to her home in every night;
I'd tell the driver that he needn't fear
To let his horses walk, and holdin' tight
With both hands I would whisper in her ear
While we were snuggled back in, out of sight.

XI.

YESTERDAY I stood behind your chair,
When you was kind of bendin' down to write,
And I could see your neck, so soft and white,
An' notice where the poker singed your hair,
And then you looked around and seen me there
And kind of smiled, and I could seem to feel
A sudden, empty, sinkish feelin' where
The vittles are when I have et a meal.

If I would know that some poor girl loved me
As much as I do you, sometimes I'd take
Her in my arms a little while and make

I'D BUY AN EASY CHAIR, ALL NICE AND NEW,
AND GET A BRIGHT LAMP ABOVE YOUR HEAD,
AND LET YOU SET AND READ ALL DAY—

Her happy, just for kindness and to see
The pleased look that across her face 'ud break
And hear the signs that showed how glad she'd be.

XII.

WHEN you're typewritin' and that long-legged clerk
Tips back there on his chair and smiles at you,
And you look up and get to smilin', too,
I'd like to go and give his chair a jerk
And send him flyin' till his head went through
The door that goes out to the hall, and when
They picked him up he'd be all black and blue,
And you'd be nearly busted laughin' then.

But if I done it, maybe you would run
And hold his head and smooth his hair and say
It made you sad that he got dumped that way,
And I'd get listed out for what I done
I wish that he'd get fired and you'd stay
And suddenly I'd be a man some day.

XIII.

IF I was grown to be a man, and you
And all the others that are workin' here
Was always under me, and I could clear
The place to-morrow if I wanted to,
I'd buy an easy chair, all nice and new,
And get a bird to sing above your head,
And let you set and rest all day, instead
Of hammerin' them keys the way you do.

I'd bounce that long-legged clerk and then I'd raise
Your wages and move up my desk beside
Where you'd be settin', restin, there, and I'd
Not care about the weather all the days
Would make me glad, and in the evenings then
I'd wish 'twas time to start to work again.

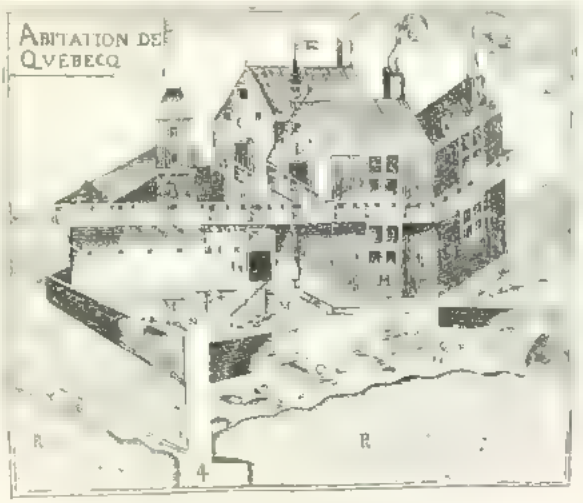
THE SIEGES OF QUEBEC

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

HOW KIRKE WON QUEBEC

By Lawrence J Burpee

In the spring of the year 1627 two hostile fleets sailed from the Old to the New World. One, under the French Admiral, de Roquemont, carried supplies to the starving garrison of Quebec. The other, commanded by David Kirke, armed with letters of marque from King James I., was destined to drive the French out of Canada. De Roquemont was forced into Gaspé Bay by a violent storm, and here Kirke found him, after searching up and down the river, between Tadoussac and the sea The fleets were curiously matched. De Roquemont had eighteen vessels to Kirke's three; but the French fleet was laden deep with stores, and the decks crowded with women and children, colonists for New France. De Roquemont carried one hundred and thirty-eight pieces of cannon, but most of them were stowed away in the holds of his ships; while the little English fleet was armed to the teeth. Hampered as he was, the French Admiral could not for very shame surrender without a fight. To Kirke's summons, therefore, he returned a curt refusal; but the issue was not long in doubt. Driving his little vessel under the stern of the Admiral's ship, Kirke sent a broadside into her, then rounding to, threw out his grappling irons, and at the head of his crew scrambled aboard. A few minutes' brisk fighting decided the contest. De Roquemont surrendered, and with their Admiral in the hands of the enemy, the remainder of the French fleet quickly haulded down their flags



CHAMPLAIN'S BUILDING AT QUEBEC

Kirke had won an almost bloodless victory: he was master of a French fleet of eighteen sail, loaded with stores and supplies of every kind, and nearly seven score pieces of ordnance. Yet he was not altogether happy. The very extent of his prize was embarrassing. His objective point was Quebec, but he could not attack Quebec and at the same time guard the captured fleet, with its crews and passengers. There was nothing for it but to return to England. Burning ten of the smaller vessels, he loaded the remainder with the more valuable plunder, and sent them to Newfoundland, while he himself returned to England with the more distinguished of his prisoners of war.

With the spoils of his first voyage, Kirke equipped a larger and more

powerful fleet, but it was not until March, 1629, that he was ready to sail Leaving Gravesend toward the end of the month, in the "Abigail," a ship of 300 tons, with five other ships and three pinnaces, he reached Gaspé on the 15th of June Sending his two brothers, with a portion of the fleet, to the Nova Scotia settlements, he himself, with the "Abigail" and another ship, ascended the river to Tadoussac, meeting and capturing a French vessel under Emery de Caen on the way

At Tadoussac the remainder of his fleet rejoined him, and leaving most of them there, he sailed up the river with the "George" and the "Gervase," and came in sight of Quebec on the 9th of July. There the heroic Champlain, with his plucky little garrison, had been fighting for months a more terrible enemy than the English. In his own deposition, taken some months afterward, Champlain says: "There were not ane victualls or ordinarie sustenance for men in the forte, the men having lived by the space of two months before upon nothing but rootes" With the Iroquois threatening him behind, the English commanding the river, and hunger within the gates, even the courage and resourcefulness of Champlain could find no way of escape. He would not surrender without a struggle, but a few days' bombardment convinced him that his situation was hopeless. He had guns without ammunition, men without the wherewithal to feed them, and not the faintest possibility of relief from any quarter Having done all that a brave leader could do, he surrendered Quebec to Captain Kirke, upon the best terms he could secure. He and his men were allowed to march out with their arms, clothes, baggage and skins, and—a vital consideration—Kirke agreed to exchange food for beaver skins In fact, the English Captain was better than his word He manned a vessel with seventy of his own sailors, and sent Champlain and his men to England —clothing them and feeding them so well that Champlain's comrade, De Caen, quaintly protested before the Judge of the Admiralty Court in London that "he is upon a diett where he hath much more than he desires, without any agreement what he must pay for it, which makes him afraid that if he should long continue as he doth he should not be able to give satisfaction for it" So ended the first of the Sieges of Quebec

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC BY SIR WILLIAM PHIPPS

By W. D. Le Sueur, LL.D., F.R.S.C.

The fifth of August, 1689, is a date of tragic note in Canadian annals, for it was just before dawn on that day that the Iroquois made their descent on the slumbering Village of Lachine, a few miles west of Montreal, and wrought the dismal havoc, over the details of which to this day the reader shudders The Governor of Canada at the time was the Marquis de Denonville, a man whose piety is greatly lauded by contemporary authorities, and particularly by Bishop Saint-Vallier, the successor of Laval, but whose administrative powers were extremely feeble He was shortly, however, to resign his office into more vigorous hands, for, on the very day of the Lachine massacre, his successor set sail from France. This was none other than the veteran Count Frontenac, now in his seventieth year, who, seventeen years before, had come out to Canada for his first term as Governor and had remained in the country ten years. His first administration had been vigorous and, on the whole, successful; but he was incessantly quarrelling with the Intendant, Deschesneau by name, and was not quite as tactful as he might have been in his treatment of the clergy. On these grounds he had been recalled; but his immediate successor, M. de la Barre, was a very incompetent man, and of Denonville, who followed La Barre, we have already spoken. Ruin was staring the colony in the face when King Louis the Fourteenth proposed to M de Frontenac to take another term as Governor, assuring him that if he

served him as well as he had done on the former occasion, he would ask no more.

In spite of his years Frontenac did not decline the task. There is no portrait of him extant; but it is hard not to believe that, if one existed, it would show a countenance bearing the stamp of pride, impetuosity and daring, together with an underlying expression of kindliness and generosity. He was easily moved to anger, but he was less vindictive than many who have better control of their tempers.

more or less due. For this purpose he organized three war parties, consisting of Canadians and Indians, to operate against the English settlements in New York and Massachusetts, which then included what is now Maine. Three such parties were set on foot, and in the early months of 1690 they did bloody work at Schenectady, Salmon Falls and Fort Loyal on Casco Bay. The massacre at Schenectady was marked by the same atrocities as the one at Lachine, but was on a much larger scale.

FLEET BEFORE QUEBEC

A reproduction of a rare old print, made by

When Frontenac came out there was war between France and England. Louis the Fourteenth having espoused the cause of the exiled English King James the Second. Even before leaving France, the returning Governor had formed plans for transferring the war to America. The news which he learnt on arriving of the Lachine massacre increased his desire to take vengeance on the English colonies, to whose encouragement the baleful activity of the Iroquois tribes was supposed to be

These disasters produced a deep effect on the minds of the English colonists, particularly in Massachusetts, and it was determined to strike a decisive blow at French power in Canada. Counsel was taken with the governments of New York and Connecticut, and plans were made for a double attack on the province by means of a land expedition starting from Albany, and a naval one starting from Boston; the first to operate against Montreal and the second against Que-

bec. Of the land expedition all that need here be said is that it ended in failure, accomplishing nothing save the destruction of a few lives and some property at the hamlet of Laprairie, a few miles from Montreal on the south bank of the St Lawrence To organize and equip the naval expedition, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts severely strained its resources; three only out of a total of thirty-three or thirty-four were contributed by New York; New England furnished the rest. The largest ship in the squadron was a West India trader, named "Six Friends," carrying forty-four guns; the next largest was the "John and Thomas," carrying twenty-six guns. Most of the vessels had no armament at all In all, twenty-two hundred men embarked, some three hundred being sailors and the rest soldiers. Provisions for four months were taken on board, but the supply of powder and ammunition was scanty Up to the last moment it had been expected that some help would come from England in response to an urgent appeal that had been sent home in April. None came, however, and the expedition had to start without the hoped for reinforcement on the 9th of August, 1690

A leader had been found in Sir William Phipps, a man born in very humble life in the wilds of what is now the State of Maine Having taken to the sea, it had been his luck to recover a large amount of treasure from a Spanish vessel that had been sunk somewhere off the Bahamas, as a reward for which he had received, not only a substantial share of the spoil, but the honor of knighthood from King James the Second. Phipps was a man of daring, of some skill in navigation, and of no small force of character, but he does not appear to have had any special ability as a naval or military leader. In the early part of the year he had had an easy triumph in capturing Port Royal (Annapolis) and other practically undefended French forts in Acadia, but he was now to encounter very different conditions

The French Governor meanwhile had been busily occupying himself in negotiations with hostile and wavering Indian tribes The whole trade of the country depended on the security of communications with the West, which had been gravely compromised by the openly hostile attitude of the Iroquois. To tame that redoubtable nation, and win back the native allies, whom the visible weakness of the colony had dispirited and in part alienated, was his great preoccupation. At the same time, as if dreading a possible attack on Quebec, he gave orders for strengthening the fortifications of that place. He was himself at Montreal when the first news came of the impending danger. The date was the tenth of October, and he was on the point of starting for Quebec. The news had come in a double form: the Abenaguis Indians had learnt from a white woman whom they had captured at Pentagonet (Penobscot) that a great expedition had sailed from Boston against Quebec, and this was confirmed by a man who had come up from Tadoussac to Quebec, and who reported having seen Phipps's ships in the river. Making all possible haste, Frontenac arrived at Quebec on the morning of Saturday, the 14th of October. M de Callieres, the Governor of Montreal, was following with some eight hundred men and reached the capital about seven o'clock on Monday evening

Meantime, Phipps with his squadron, which had been greatly retarded by adverse winds, so that a voyage which might have been made in a month was spun out to over two months, had arrived in front of the city, and sent a summons to the Governor to surrender. Frontenac was not of the surrendering kind, even had circumstances been favorable; but, situated as he was, the idea no doubt seemed preposterous. Much had been done within the last few days in the way of strengthening the town; the militia of all the surrounding districts had been called in, and the Montreal contingent was almost hourly expected. Phipps had given as a reason for his hostile proceedings the existing war between the crowns of England and France, and "the destruction made by the French and Indians, under your command and encourage

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ment, upon the persons and estates of their Majesties' (William and Mary's) subjects of New England." Frontenac made no apology for the "destruction" referred to but said that it was just what might be expected, seeing that the French King, his master, having taken the deposed English King under his protection, would naturally order him "to wage war in this country on a people in rebellion against their lawful sovereign." He did not hint that the raids of his braves were in reprisal for the previous hostilities of the Iroquois. Being requested to return an answer in writing, he exclaimed in a burst of indignation: "No! the only answer I will give will be from the mouth of my cannon and musketry, that he (Phipps) may learn that it is not in such a style that a person of my rank is summoned." What was defective in the manner of the summons has not been stated. Had Phipps had the power to compel a surrender, the formality of a summons might have been dispensed with altogether. One or two of the French Governor's train were for hanging the messenger as being a traitor to his King, and as belonging to a piratical expedition, but this extreme counsel was not adopted. His eyes had been bandaged before he had been allowed to land, and now, after he had gazed on the glories of the French court, as represented by the brilliant Governor and an almost equally brilliant staff of gay and gallant French officers, the bandages were replaced, and he was rowed out to mid stream where he was taken on board one of his own boats.

And now it was for Phipps to take Quebec if he could. His expedition was not in good shape for the enterprise, for smallpox had broken out in some of his vessels. The weather was turning extremely cold; more than half the entire stock of provisions had already been consumed; and the conclusion probably forced itself upon him that the task was a more difficult one than he had anticipated. Nothing was done on Monday or Tuesday. On Monday evening, as already mentioned, the garrison was reinforced by Calliéres and his eight hundred men. The cheers which greeted their arrival were distinctly heard on board the squadron, and did not tend to raise the spirits of the men. On the afternoon of Wednesday, Major Walley, second in command, landed with about thirteen hundred men on the Beauport flats, a couple of miles or less from the city. Why he was permitted to do so does not appear; for there were troops enough in the city to have made the attempt impossible, especially as the invaders had to wade some distance through icy water in order to reach the shore. There was no enemy visible when they landed; but, as they advanced, a galling fire was opened upon them from the thick bushes which then came down nearly to the water's edge. The New Englanders replied as best they could, and finally, with considerable bravery, charged into the bush. The result was that they gained that evening a position considerably nearer the St. Charles River. Walley, who kept a journal, still extant, of his proceedings, states that he lost on that day four men killed and sixty wounded. On the Canadian side one valuable officer, the Chevalier de Clermont, was killed, and perhaps a dozen or twenty were wounded. A fugitive from the French side gave Walley the rather discouraging news that the troops in the city numbered at this time, French and Indians, about three thousand.

On the same afternoon on which Walley landed, Phipps moved his four principal vessels up before the town and began a most ineffectual bombardment. Not so ineffectual by any means was the fire of the shore batteries. The attacking vessels suffered seriously, one of them particularly; and after a brief renewal of the bombardment on Thursday morning, they retired to a safe distance.

Meantime, Walley's command were having a very wretched time on shore. They were expecting fresh supplies of provisions and ammunition which did not arrive. Instead they got six twelve-pounder cannon which they did not want at all, and could not move—they weighed 800 pounds each—over the marshy ground. There does not seem to have been any fighting on Thursday, but the night was fearfull

cold, and the men had almost no shelter. Walley writes in simple fashion: "We stood on our guard that night, but found it exceedingly cold, it freezing so that the next morning the ice would bear a man." On Friday forenoon Walley went to the ships to consult Phipps. Retreat was the only course open, and Walley went back to prepare for it. During his absence there had been more skirmishing and, as before, the losses were chiefly on the side of the New Englanders. On the Canadian side M. de Ste. Helene, one of the Lemoines, a very popular leader, received a wound in the thigh which proved fatal. Walley's men were now in a great hurry to return to the ships, and on Saturday night they succeeded in doing so, leaving their cannon behind however, to become the spoil of the enemy. It was a sorry Sunday that was spent on ship-board. Many were sick, others were wounded, some were frost-bitten, and all were profoundly discouraged It was proposed to hold a prayer-meeting next day "to seek God's direction," as Walley has it in his journal; but the weather was so stormy that it was all the crews of the several vessels could do to keep them from drifting. The next day the whole squadron set sail for home. On the homeward trip misfortune still followed them. Phipps had brought all his vessels to Quebec without loss. On the return four vessels were lost and many lives

In the lately besieged city all was rejoicing and triumph, though of course there were some losses to deplore. A careful investigator, M Myrand, has estimated these at nine killed (including those who died afterwards of wounds) and fifty-two wounded Phipps reported his losses at thirty, but in this number he probably took no account of the wounded. A religious view of what had happened was taken on both sides. "Well may you speak of this country as the country of miracles," says Laval, the ex-Bishop, writing to Denonville, the ex-Governor Laval's opinion was that Phipps would have taken Quebec had he arrived one week sooner. On the other hand, the eminent New England divine, Cotton Mather, recognized "An evident hand of heaven sending one disaster after another."

The momentous fact was that Quebec had been saved, and that the life of Canada as a French colony was extended for seventy years. This was certainly one of the critical moments of history; for the Canada of to-day has inherited the independent existence which, in that gloomy week of mid-October, 1690, French Canada successfully defended against an attack which in any case was formidable, and might with a slight change of circumstances have been irresistible. The success of Phipps would in all probability have thrown Canada into the group of English colonies, to share their destinies in peace and in war. If the British flag to-day floats over Canada, it is because it was not raised over the fortress of Quebec in 1690

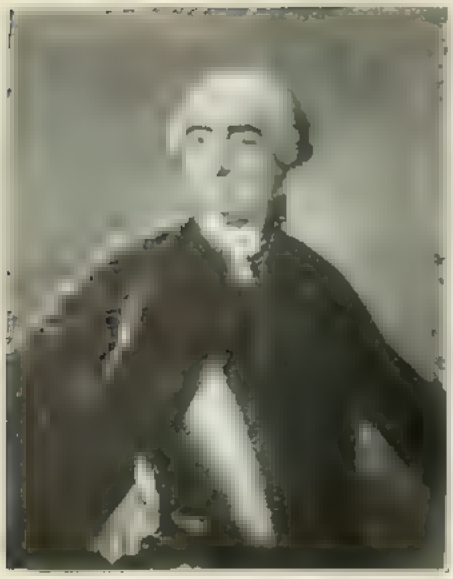
THE GREAT SIEGE OF QUEBEC

By T. G. Marquis

In 1759 New France was on the verge of ruin She was neglected by the lascentious French Government: she was neglected and robbed by the Colonial Confederates — Bigot, Varin and Cadet -into whose hands Governor Vaudreuil apparently played. The Commander-in-Chief of the forces, Montcalm, was thoroughly competent but greatly handicapped by the interference of Vaudreuil. A divided command helped Wolfe capture Quebec.

Wolfe, "the hero of Louisburg," was chosen by Pitt to attempt the capture of Quebec and thus end French rule on the American continent He was given a free hand. He had as fleet commander one of the ablest sailors of his time, Saunders, a pupil of Anson. He selected his own brigadiers, and, even contrary to the wishes of the King, chose such an efficient officer as Guy Carleton

On February 17 everything was



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ready and the British fleet sailed from Spithead for Halifax It was not until May that the coast of Nova Scotia was sighted. It was the beginning of June before the final arrangements were completed and the fleet sailed from Louisburg for their goal, Quebec

In the spring of 1759 the news reached the French that a British fleet was en route for the St. Lawrence. At first the inhabitants were terror-stricken, as Quebec was in no condition to stand a long siege; but their fears were dispersed by the arrival of eighteen vessels with supplies from France

Montcalm was in Montreal, but hastened to Quebec to prepare it for a successful resistance. All the available troops were hurried to the city, and the excited inhabitants kept watch for the expected warships. Montcalm and Vaudreuil resolved to concentrate almost their entire force on the river front between the St Charles and the Montmorency Rivers, a distance of eight miles, and one continuous line of redoubts, batteries and entrenchments was constructed. De Levis commanded the left; Dumas the right, Sennezergue, the centre; while Montcalm's headquarters were in the Village of Beauport Two hulks were mounted with cannon and placed at the mouth of the St. Charles and a boom of logs was thrown across this river. Every available entrance to the city was closed and barricaded save one which was left open to admit troops from the river front A hundred and six cannon frowned from the heights, and a considerable floating battery with gun fire-ships and fire rafts protected the front of the city The entire force under arms in and about the city amounted to 17 000 men

Towards the end of June signal fires on the hills along the St Lawrence told that the enemy's ships were in sight With incredible skill the vessels were piloted past shoals and reefs, and on June 26, without loss, the entire fleet reached St. Laurent, on the Island of Orleans and came to anchor

The next day was a busy one for the British soldiers; boats loaded with troops plied between the ships and the Island, until the entire army was landed and drawn up on the beach. Wolfe was anxious to begin action at once, and looked about him for a point of vantage from which he might attack the city. He knew the strength and the weakness of the forces opposed to him, and, while he had every confidence in his troops, realized that all his courage and skill were needed to drive Montcalm from his stronghold or to entice him to give battle in the open

On the day of the landing a furious [illegible] several hours While it [illegible] it drove the ships hither and [illegible] and in spite of the utmost vigilance, some were driven ashore and others collided, causing no small damage. On the following day Vaudreuil determined to try the effect of fireships on the invaders. Seven merchant vessels and a number of rafts had been equipped for their work of destruction at enormous cost. To make their deadly work almost certain, they had been loaded with pitch, tar and other inflammable materials, besides having on board firearms and cannon crammed to the muzzle with explosives. Vaudreuil appointed Delouche, a distinguished naval officer, to the hazardous task of guiding the fireships against the British fleet and setting fire to them

at the appropriate time. They started on their journey of destruction at ten o'clock at night, but Delouche's courage failed him and he ignited the vessels much too soon. The night was pitch dark, but the sudden blaze in an instant dispersed the blackness. One after another the vessels leaped into flames, and soon the whole river, from the city to the Montmorency, was as light as day. The flames were not long in reaching the explosives, and the air was filled with the crash of loud reports and the whizzing of balls and bullets, but no harm was done to the British fleet, and no renown gained by the French save by gallant Captain Dubois de la Meultire, who alone acted with cool courage and heroically met death at his post

Wolfe determined to begin active hostilities. He carefully considered every available point of attack, and concluded that his best move would be to take up a position on Point Levis, directly opposite Quebec. He despatched General Monckton thither with his brigade on June 29, and on the following day went over in person and selected the most commanding spot from which his cannon might play upon the city. The guns of Quebec poured out an iron storm upon his workmen. Many were killed, but the work of entrenchment was vigorously continued and in a short time his troops had secured a strong and comparatively safe position. When all was ready, the besiegers turned their cannon on the city. In all directions bursting shells set fire to houses, and among other buildings the revered Cathedral was given to the flames. But, apart from the destruction of property, this gun-practice availed but little, and the fall of Quebec was still remote.

Wolfe now decided to attack the main force along the St. Lawrence He first took up a position to the left of the French on the banks of the Montmorency. He hoped by this movement either to press back the left of their line, or by ascending the river to find a ford by which his army might cross and get to the rear of the enemy. For some days destructive firing continued with considerable loss of life, but no material progress was made

Towards the end of July the British ship "Sutherland," and several smaller vessels succeeded in passing the fortress of Quebec and taking up their position above the city. Wolfe followed up this success by having boats dragged across Point Levis and launched at a spot out of range of the enemy's guns The French were now attacked from three points—Montmorency, Levis and the river front above the fortress

Vaudreuil determined to once more try the effect of fireships He had some seventy rafts, boats and schooners joined together and loaded with guns of all sorts crammed to the muzzles with every conceivable explosive. This "gigantic infernal machine" was carefully directed and appeared destined to destroy at least a portion of the fleet; but the hardy British sailors gallantly manned their boats and grappling the blazing raft pulled it ashore, with bursting cannon and showers of bullets falling about them.

Summer was rapidly drawing to a close and Wolfe, seeing that if something were not achieved at once the year's work would be lost, decided to make a concentrated attack upon Montcalm s main force. He directed a division of his army against the enemy's entrenchments, and on the last day of July a fierce battle was fought. It was a foolish effort and cost the Grenadiers and Royal Americans some four hundred and forty men, among whom were thirty-three officers. Wolfe, however, learned a valuable lesson. With his present force the capture of the entrenchments from the Beauport side was an impossibility, and, withdrawing his troops, he thought out other plans.

Wolfe now gave orders to lay waste the surrounding country. Many villages and farmhouses were laid in ruins, and not a few of their resisting inhabitants put to the sword. No strong opposition was made to these depredations, Montcalm feeling that every man was needed to protect the city itself Wolfe began to despair. He even thought of giving up the siege for that year and going into winter quarters at Isle aux Coudres, intercepting as far as

possible the supplies of the enemy and forcing a surrender in the following spring. Before doing this he determined to make at least another attempt to capture the city and with it Montcalm's army.

Wolfe was a sick man. Death stared him in the face, and he was impatient of delay. At the end of August he proposed three plans to his brigadiers, Monckton, Townshend and Murray—to cross the Montmorency about eight miles from its mouth and take the enemy in the rear, to ford the Montmorency at its mouth and roll back the enemy's left, to make a concentrated attack with fleet and army from the front. The brigadiers advised him to abandon all three plans, and after long consultation suggested the scaling of the heights above Quebec. From the commencement Wolfe intuitively felt that this was the proper course and gladly accepted their suggestion. Illness confined him to his bed for several days, but on August 31st he was once more with his troops. The final stage of the siege now began. Wolfe's first task was to concentrate his troops along the river front above Quebec. He sent up to join Admiral Holmes all the ships he could spare from his fleet. Seeing that his troops at Montmorency were of no practical use, he at once decided on evacuating his position there.

These efforts tried Wolfe's strength severely, and on September 4th he was again prostrated with his painful illness. But he had a will capable of crushing down pain and overcoming bodily weakness, and on the following day was once more with his army. Every cove, bay and rock was eagerly scanned from the Levis shore, and he at length fixed on the Anse au Foulon (Wolfe's Cove) as a place where he thought it possible that his army might scramble up. A guard was there, but it was commanded by the careless coward, Captain de Vergor. Besides this guard the battalion of Guienne was within hailing distance, and the batteries on the headland of Samos and on the heights of Sillery were in a position to play upon approaching boats.

De Bougainville was stationed at Cap Rouge, nine miles above Quebec, with a force of about three thousand men, and it was decided to begin final operations by attacking and harrassing his position.

On September 7, Admiral Holmes sailed up to Cap Rouge, and opened fire on Bougainville's force, and at the same time sent off troops to feign a landing. This was but a ruse of Wolfe's to keep the enemy from suspecting his intention to scale the cliff at the Anse au Foulon.

On the 12th, Wolfe issued his last general orders. Until this time not even his brigadiers knew what course he had decided to pursue. He was keeping his own counsel, and was alone responsible for the final plan which ended in the capture of Quebec.

The first task was to choose an advance party to scale the heights, surprise the guard and clear the way for the troops. Twenty-four gallant volunteers were soon found. Seventeen hundred men were to go ashore with the scaling party to be ready to follow them to the heights in case of success. De Bougainville anxiously watched the fleet as the numerous boats left it laden with men. He thought he was to be attacked and remained on the defensive. On the same day Wolfe learned from French deserters that supplies were to pass down to Montcalm's camp under cover of darkness. He decided to have his boats go down in advance of these, deceive the sentinels along the river, and gain the Anse au Foulon without opposition. He feared that Montcalm might suspect his intentions and have a force on the plains to oppose his landing. To avoid this Admiral Saunders was to storm Montcalm's position while Wolfe, in person, led the attack above the city. At nightfall Saunders began a fierce fire on the entrenchments and sent off boats loaded with men to pretend a landing. Montcalm was completely deceived, and as the battle grew in fury he called his troops together to resist what he supposed to be a concentrated attack.

While Saunders was doing such effective work below Quebec, Wolfe was patiently awaiting the ebb of the tide. At two o'clock in the morning

everything was in readiness. A lantern gleamed from the masthead of the Sutherland." This was the signal to begin operations, and the boats drifted to their destination before a light wind. As they rounded Silleri point a sentinel shouted, "Qui vive!" La France!" replied Captain Simon Fraser. "A quel regiment?" questioned the sentinel. "De la Reine" answered the quick-witted officer. The troops passed on unmolested. They were again challenged at the headland of Samos, but this too, they passed in safety by replying to the sentinel. Provision boats! don't make a noise the English will hear us!" In a few minutes after passing Samos they landed at the Anse au Foulon and quickly disembarked. Wolfe was the first to step ashore. The volunteers at once began scaling the wooded heights. De Vergor was in bed and a careless guard was being kept. A sudden volley warned him of danger. He tried to escape, but was shot in the heel and captured. The guard was over-powered, and the British cheers told the troops below that the path was clear. Shortly after daylight the entire army (4,829 men of all ranks that was to take part in the battle was on the heights, and the batteries at Samos and Sillery had been captured.

Wolfe at once looked about him for a battleground, and soon decided on drawing up his troops on a rough ridge about a mile from the landing place. Here he awaited the foe.

When Montcalm learned of the landing of the British, he galloped at breakneck speed to the scene of action and to his amazement found the story but too true. He underestimated Wolfe however, and over estimated his own strength and the assistance Vaudreuil would give him. His warlike spirit would brook no delay. His men too, were eager for action, and with a force numerically but slightly stronger than that of Wolfe he went at once to meet the enemy.

The English troops waited steadily the charge of the French, holding their ground with admirable firmness, notwithstanding the harassing fire of skirmishing parties. Wolfe went from

[illegible] men [illegible] At ten in the morning [illegible] had come for a decisive blow. The French [illegible] for [illegible] British [illegible] from his post save when one [illegible] place. When the enemy was within forty paces the command "Fire!" rang out. As one man the different brigades poured a leaden hail into the advancing ranks. A second volley almost instantly followed, and cruel indentation in the advancing line and heaps of fallen men told the effect of the fire. [illegible] paces. A [illegible] charge [illegible] ing British [illegible]

was driven in full flight toward Quebec

But there was mourning in the British camp; Wolfe was slain; there was bitter mourning in Quebec, the city must inevitably fall; Montcalm was wounded unto death and Vaudreuil was in cowardly flight

By nightfall on the 17th, twenty-one British guns were ready to open their deep voices on the city. After a feeble resistance, Governor Ramezay sent out a flag of truce. Townshend was now in command, and sternly replied that if the city were not delivered into his hands by eleven o'clock on the following day, he would capture it at the bayonet's point. His demands were complied with, and on September 18 the British troops were marched into Quebec, and the French flag would never again, as a symbol of authority, wave over the strongest fortress in America; but under the British flag French hearts were to enjoy greater freedom than they had ever experienced under French rule.

MURRAY'S DEFENCE OF QUEBEC

By John Ridington

It was almost the end of June, in the year 1759, when the British appeared before the Isle of Orleans, and by September 18th they had made themselves masters of Quebec, the key of French Dominion, the Gibraltar of America. The exploit was one of the most daring, but profoundly calculated, feats of arms in all history. The conflict shed almost equal lustre on victor and vanquished. Never was victory more consummate, or defeat more glorious

Quebec had been so badly battered by the guns of Admiral Saunders' fleet that it afforded but little shelter to the British on taking possession. The Lower Town was a wilderness of scorched and crumbling walls Even in the Upper Town the cathedral was burned to a shell, and the solid stone buildings were pockmarked by numberless cannon balls. The bomb shells had burst open even the tombs of the dead, scattering bones and skulls and splinters of coffins. The body of Montcalm, the last hero and hope of New France, now sleeping in peace among triumphant enemies, had found fitting burial in a grave already half dug by a bursting shell. Confusion and pillage reigned among citizens, many—though they aggravated rather than bettered their lot by so doing—fleeing to the surrounding country

The command of the British forces in Canada after the capture of Quebec, devolved upon Brigadier Murray, an upright, humane, gallant and generous soldier eager for distinction. Ten battalions of regulars, a corps of rangers, and the artillery were left with him to bide the rigors of a Canadian winter and to defend the ruins of Quebec against the efforts of Levis until the spring should unlock the ice-bound St. Lawrence and permit the return of the fleet.

The very beginning of British supremacy in Canada was marked by that equity and toleration that have made it possible for peoples of diverse race and language to each do its share for the upbuilding of a great Dominion. Murray befriended the Canadians, and issued strict orders against harming them in person or property He hanged one of his soldiers who had robbed a citizen of Quebec, and severely punished others for slighter offences The troops also showed kindness to the [illegible] their tobacco and rations, and helped to harvest the meagre crops of the war-harried country.

Within a very short time of the [illegible] taking possession of Quebec, the appearance of the troops whose steadfast valor on the Heights of Abraham had been the outcome of Wolfe's contagious spirit and unrelaxing discipline, would have moved to derision the martinets of Whitehall. "We rather resemble a [illegible] than a body of regular troops," wrote one of their officers "the uniformity, as well as nicety of the clean, methodical soldier being

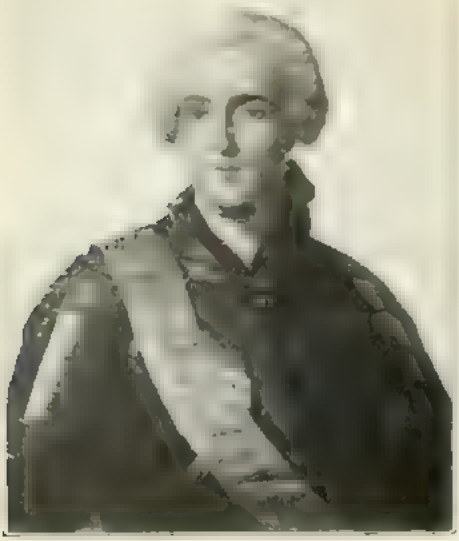
buried in the rough, fur wrought dress of the frozen Laplander." The troops were put to sorry shifts to protect themselves against the intense cold, and the Highlanders, in spite of their natural hardihood, suffered the most, the "garb of old Gaul" offering but slight defence against the rigorous winter climate. The nuns, whose convents they guarded, knitted woollen stockings for their bare legs—the gifts being perhaps inspired as much by modesty as charity. The men's feet and fingers were continually being frozen, though sentries were relieved every hour. One hundred and fifty-three were treated for frost-bite in a single week, and of one whole party of two hundred men sent to the south shore only two escaped. The supply of fuel in the town was hopelessly insufficient, and the cutting and dragging from the forests of Ste. Foye, four or five miles distant, was one of the chief tasks of the garrison for many weeks. Eight men would harness themselves to each sleigh, for the labor of hauling the loads through the deep drifts was prodigious.

Financial troubles added to the difficulties of Murray. For the second time during the war Secretary Barrington shamefully neglected to send out [illegible] for the military chest. The troops had not been paid since August, so that none of the men had the wherewithal to supplement the army rations or clothing. The navy, before the sailing of the fleet, had done everything possible to help the sister service, leaving behind all the stores it could do without on the voyage home. To help the financial situation the officers had subscribed a fund of 3,000 pounds for the military needs of the garrison. Murray obtained what supplies he could by undertaking to pay for them on the return of the fleet.

Small as the garrison was for the all-important work it had to do, it was far bigger than the food supply, and for months during the winter it was in a state of semi-starvation. There was absolutely no fresh food to be got long before Christmas—salt pork, salt beef and biscuits was the only food available. Scurvy broke out, and in spite of every precaution, this malignant disease, aided by fever and dysentery, played havoc with the garrison as it had with the crews of Jacques Cartier at the same place two centuries before. Of about 7,000 men left at Quebec in the autumn, scarcely more than 3,000 were fit for duty on the twenty-fourth of April. About 700 had found temporary burial in the snow drifts, as the frozen ground was impenetrable as a rock.

Quebec is impregnable on either of its water-washed sides, but an enemy once in possession of the heights to the west of the city is at his mercy. Montcalm had no choice but to march out and meet Wolfe as soon as he knew the British had scaled the cliffs and were on the Plains of Abraham. The logical defence was therefore to fortify the Plains with earthworks, but to do this in the frost bound season was impossible. Nevertheless, whatever could be done was done. Eight timber redoubts were erected outside the city towards the Heights, and armed with artillery. Outposts were established at favorable points. The adjoining parishes were ordered to make 10,000 fascines and 40,000 pickets for temporary fortifica-

By his valiant action and [illegible] he lost



quent and fierce fights in the woods, both the opposing forces travelling on snowshoes, in which the British, particularly the Highlanders, had become quite expert. And the men of the half-sheltered, half-frozen, half-starved and half-clothed garrison never hitched themselves to a sleigh to track across the snow to the nearest bush for firewood without the prospect of a sudden [illegible] and the danger of their scalps decorating the wigwams of the French Indian allies

Meantime, at Montreal, the arrogant vacillating, supple and self seeking Vaudreuil in the intervals of besmirching the memory of Montcalm in his dispatches to Paris, had been issuing inflammatory addresses to the Canadians, while Levis had set systematically to work to organize the expedition to retake Quebec. By April 17[illegible] had 7,260 men ready, and in t[illegible]h from Montreal he would be joined by several thousand more [illegible] expected to carry Quebec by escalade, and, just before the starting the troops had a grand rehearsal with scaling ladders against the walls of a church Provisions were gathered from [illegible] but the stor[illegible] poor. Butcher knives [illegible] to the muzzles of guns for the supply of bayonets had run [illegible] and Mon[illegible]ls and [illegible] French were refitted [illegible]vs were built. The [illegible] placed aboard [illegible] fleet of bateaux, and on April 20th, 1760, eight batteries of the line, two of colony [illegible]s the colonial artillery, three [illegible] and Canadians and four hundred [illegible] 6 910 in all, according to [illegible] statement—set out for Que[illegible] W[illegible] the accessories to his [illegible] and the other would either storm or [illegible] Quebec was over 9 000 men.

the French out of Quebec. He abandoned and burned the blockhouses at Point Levis, fell back from Old Lorette before the advancing emeny, and with his entire force withdrew within the walls

He had the choice of one of three courses—to defend the city itself, to fortify himself outside the walls on the Plains of Abraham, or to risk a battle in the open field He had long decided on the second plan, but little had been done towards the necessary fortifications owing to the severe weather. Though the ice had gone out of the St. Lawrence three days before, the ground was still frozen when Levis came knocking at the gates of Quebec, and, under the most favorable circumstances, to construct the entrenchments would take ten days.

Murray was young, ardent, fearless, ambitious and emulous of the fame of Wolfe. He determined to attack the enemy in the open field.

On April 28th, leaving only a handful to guard the gates, the British marched out of Quebec—3,000 hungry, ill-clad, high-spirited men, against an army three times their number. The French had already commenced the construction of redoubts, and the garrison promptly attacked them, driving them from the works. Reinforced, the French took the aggressive and broke the British right, which, falling back, masked the fire of the artillery. The left gave ground under heavy odds, and some gave way utterly. The British guns were all abandoned, and the whole army retreated within the walls Nothing but the feeble landward defences of Quebec, and its hungry and hard pressed little garrison, prevented the fleur de lis from again waving as the ensign of sovereignty in Canada

Though the battle of Ste. Foye had been short, lasting less than two hours, the losses were very heavy. Levis had 1,800 men in killed and wounded, while Murray had lost 1,124 men—over one-third of his available force. The great preponderance in numbers of the French of course made their loss relatively less

Levis now closed in on a city apparently doomed. He started his parallels and mounted siege guns at every coign of vantage. His ships discharged provisions and warlike stores of all kinds, which were hauled up the Anse du Foulon, the precipitous path up which Wolfe had scaled the cliffs the preceding September

Murray met these energetic preparations with equal vigor. He cut embrasures in the city walls, mounted fresh guns, and organized nightly sorties to harry the French works The sick were placed in the convents, the women attending them and doing the cooking, so that every gaunt fighting man might be on the firing line. The convalescents filled sandbags to strengthen the defences, and even the sick and wounded in the hospitals made waddings for the cannon Officers, as well as men, worked with barrow, pick-axe and spade, while Murray and his engineers showed exhaustless fertility in resourceful defence

The immediate fate of Canada was now plainly dependent on the command of the sea. If France could only get a fleet and convoy to Quebec, the balance of victory would surely incline towards her. If, however, the British fleet should return first, Levis' position would at once become untenable, for the fleet could sail up the St. Lawrence and land troops that would place him between two fires

On the first of May Murray had sent the "Racehorse" to Amherst at Halifax with letters advising him of the situation. Eight days before, the British fleet under Colville had left that port for the St. Lawrence, but had been much hindered by ice and contrary winds

At Quebec besiegers and besieged looked eagerly down the St. Lawrence for the ships that should decide the city's fate. On the morning of May 9th the tops of a man-of-war were seen above Point Levis. She rounded into the harbor and came slowly on, her men at quarters, her decks cleared for action. Amid breathless excitement the garrison waited to see with what colors she would answer the citadel, and when the Union Jack was run to the peak the little beleagured army mounted the walls and cheered to the

echo. She was the "Lowestoft," and had left England exactly two months before.

Levis still continued to press the siege, for he had nothing to fear from a single ship; but on the 15th three more came to harbor, and, two days later, Colville's Halifax squadron arrived. To remain longer was simply to court destruction, and Levis hurriedly raised the siege, abandoned his guns and almost all his equipment, and retreated in all haste both by land and water.

When Murray made a vigorous sortie next day he found the French trenches empty. He pursued, but Levis was already well on his way to Montreal. On the river, however, the British were more successful, the fleet attacking and destroying the remnants of the French frigates and transports. One of the frigates—"L'Atlanta"—was fought most gallantly by her commander, Vanquelin. He kept off the British during a running fight of many miles, finally running his vessel ashore, and fighting until he had fired his last round. He then burned his ship, landed his crew, and left his colors flying!

So, after an arduous, well-conceived and capably executed campaign of six weeks, Levis was back again in Montreal. He had won a battle but had failed to take Quebec, or in any way [illegible] guns, ships and stores. The curtain was up for the last scene of the drama. The British moved on the doomed colony from east, west and south. Levis soon found himself shut up on the Island of Montreal with Vaudreuil, Bigot and the shameless band of wreckers who were mainly responsible for bringing New France to such desperate straits. The end came early in September. Forsaken of France and overborne by the overwhelming strength of Britain, the French force in Canada unconditionally capitulated, [illegible] century and a half respite from extinction in government, and opportunity for development such as they had never known under the autocracy of the Bourbons.

THE LAST SIEGE OF QUEBEC

By C. Frederick Hamilton

On November 19, 1775, Governor Carleton entered Quebec, a fugitive from Montreal. Great was the joy of the garrison and of the loyal among the inhabitants; yet his arrival was far from triumphant. Behind him were bitter disappointment, defeat, a Canada over-run by Americans from the revolting colonies. Ahead, had he known it, was the success which meant that there would be two great nations on the North American continent. He could not see ahead and gloom hung thickly about him. Yet he abated not a whit of the cool, calm, polite, almost cold composure of his manner. He began at once to organize, and, under the influence of his efficiency and high serenity, the discouraged garrison and the half or quarter disloyal militia pulled themselves together.

Up to this time Carleton had not done particularly well as a soldier, and as a statesman had seen his work fall in ruins. He found himself in September with an American invasion on his hands and with less than 1,000 regular soldiers to meet it. His attempts at defence collapsed. Very injudiciously, from a strictly military standpoint, he sent 700 of his regulars to St. John's and Chambly, right on the frontier, and there Montgomery's 3,000 Americans curled round and captured them. Then Montreal fell, and with it [illegible] regulars were captured. This whole campaign, at the outset, was more political than military. The Americans posed not as men who were invading [illegible] were raising a rebellion among them; they sowed the countryside full of stories, argued desperately that they were the real friends of the French Canadians, and tried with some, but very slight success, to enlist French Canadians as soldiers. To some extent the farmers believed the Americans

To a larger extent they sat quiet and let the English folk fight their own quarrels in their own way. Carleton for his part, had spent nearly ten years trying to turn Canada into a French Province, which was to be a citadel of monarchy on the continent. He expected the French to turn out in their old militia for King George, as fifteen years earlier they had for King Louis And when he came to call out this militia he found himself confronted with a half-rebellion, as well as with an invasion. In the country the French-Canadian farmers helped the Americans, and in Montreal a portion of the English-speaking inhabitants worked for the invaders because they were angered at the favor shown the French

Quebec, now that the regulars had been captured, was badly off. If the marines on the two small warships in the harbour were landed, Carleton's regular or semi-regular force would be

	Officers	Rank and File
Seventh Fusiliers ..	7	76
Royal Emigrants ...	21	207
Marines	3	34
	31	317

Defend Quebec with 300 ba[illegible] The militia at first had been untrustworthy there was the same disposition to rebel which had shown itself in Montreal But Maclean Commander of the Royal Emigrants, stopped a meeting where surrender was being preached; Carleton when he arrived packed the ringleaders out of town, the militia stiffened and improved, and ultimately it amounted to 900 men nearly 600 of them French And then Carleton brought ashore 400 sailors trained to work big guns, though otherwise inexpert in land fighting and so he organized a garrison of some 1,000

Let us turn to the Americans They had planned two invasions, one open one secret. The Hudson River Lake Champlain, Richelieu River route was the traditional doorway to Canada and Montgomery entered by it. From the sea coast of Maine it was barely possible to ascend the Kennebec cross the mountains at Lake Megantic descend the Chaudiere to the St Lawrence opposite Quebec Arnold, a bold adventurous, resolute man, was given 1,000 men and ordered to try this route The rivers were rocky swift and unfit for boating, so that it proved impossible to carry provisions, and the 800 men who got across the mountains were starving when they reached the French Canadian settlements and were given food On November 8 they appeared at Point Levis the Quebec authorities had just warning enough to carry most

The daring leader [illegible] the march [illegible] the plains

of the boats to the north side On November 14 while Carleton still was in trouble near Montreal, Arnold managed to cross the river in a very daring manner and tried to bluff the town into surrender. Cramahe and Maclean who were in command were not to be bluffed, and Arnold as he had no artillery, had nothing to do but fall back to Point aux Trembles twenty miles higher up the river, and wait for Montgomery He did this on Novem-

ber 18; on November 19 Carleton slipped by him and entered Quebec

Montgomery duly joined Arnold and, on December 5, 1,500 to 2,000 Americans appeared on the Plains of Abraham and began the siege. Hitherto the invasion had been in great part a rebellion, and all through December a large portion of Montgomery's efforts ran in the line of stirring up disloyalty in the garrison As Carleton would not receive overtures—for he held the Americans to be rebels and not entitled to the courtesies of war—Montgomery sent letters in by old women and other odd messengers, and had appeals to the people tied to arrows and shot into the town One letter to Carleton was a very insulting piece of boasting, ending with an injunction not to destroy any of his stores; "if you do, by heavens there will be no mercy shown" One letter to the citizens was remarkably like Rabshakeh's speech when he advised the people on the wall to be disloyal to King Hezekiah: "Let me entreat you to use your endeavors to procure my peaceable admission"; otherwise, dreadful things would happen to them. It was the course which had succeeded so well at Montreal But Carleton had steadied the garrison, and its spirit improved as the days went by. The summoning was a waste of ink The bombardments which Montgomery tried proved a waste of powder. A small breaching battery on the Plains was shot to pieces as soon as it tried to open fire, and a number of small shells thrown into the town did no damage So, towards the end of December Montgomery resolved on a bold stroke He would attempt an escalade

Everybody knows that Quebec consists of an Upper Town on the bluffs, backed by the Plains of Abraham, and a Lower Town on the low land between the St Lawrence and St. Charles. To enter the Lower Town it was necessary to squeeze between the high bluff and one of the two rivers At the west or St. Lawrence end there was no road at all past a place called the Pres de Ville, but active men might scramble along between precipice and river. At the east, or St Charles end, there was a narrow neck, known as the Sault au Matelot, or Sailor's Leap. Carleton simply barricaded these two natural entrances; one barrier was regarded as sufficient for Pres de Ville, two, one on each side of the Sault au Matelot, were provided for the east end

Montgomery's plan was to pretend to attack the wall opposite the Plains, sending a couple of detachments to make noisy demonstrations, and then deliver his real attacks low down, storm the barricades and break into the Lower Town

Montgomery could attack the bastioned wall which fronted the Plains. If he stormed it he would have the Upper Town, and the Lower Town would fall with it. He might creep along the foot of the bluff on which the Upper Town stands, and break into the Lower Town There was no comparison between the two plans from a strictly military standpoint; apart from the disadvantage of fighting in narrow streets, even if the Americans succeeded they would have a second and very disadvantageous fight on their hands, for they would have to storm the wall-topped hill. But once again politics mingled with soldiering the idea of tampering with the garrison's loyalty still was on top, and it was thought that if the citizens in the Upper Town saw their shops in the hands of the Americans, they would force Carleton to surrender. So Montgomery on a dark stormy night, December 30-31, took some 300 or 400 men and crawled along to the barricade at the Pres de Ville, and Arnold with 600 or 700 was to attack the two barricades at the Sault au Matelot Two small parties were to pretend to attack the Upper Town ramparts from the Plains, distract attention

Montgomery's attack crumpled up in the twinkling of an eye. In the snow storm he came close upon the barricade, which was manned by sailors and French Canadian militia. He had with him 50 or 60 men, the rest of his party stringing out along the narrow pass. The barricade was silent. Montgomery [illegible] agement At the instant [illegible] flashed and a charge of grapeshot swept

down the head of the American column; Montgomery and the two leaders next in rank were among the thirteen who were killed. More cannon shots and a musketry fire, back went the Americans. The defenders of the barricade being undisciplined men, later in the night were struck with panic and fled; but they had done their work. Montgomery was dead, and his attack had failed

Arnold's men made a longer fight of it. Marching down from St. Roch, they rushed the first barrier and took it after some fighting. Here Arnold was wounded, and had to go back, Morgan, a man of desperate courage, took command and led the Americans across the neck at the Sault au Matelot, up a narrow street huddled against the foot of the rock, and slap against the second barricade. There they fought for a long time, only to find that they could do nothing against it. Some of the fighting was murderous close quarter work inside the rooms of a stone house which was part of the barricade

A reproduction o

Here Carleton's directing mind decided the issue. First he appraised at their true meaning the noisy attacks on the front, and turned his attention to the Lower Town attack. Then he organized the solid defence of the barricade against which Morgan's men ran their heads in vain. Then, as soon as it was evident that the barricade was holding them, he sent party after party out of the Palais Gate, down the hill, around the Sault au Matelot, and upon the rear of the Americans. Thus cut off Morgan and his men had to surrender. Over 400 of them were captured; perhaps 200 were killed

After the assault Carleton gave a notable exhibition of cool prudence The Americans until reinforced from Montreal, had only some 800 men under arms, and many in the garrison were keen to sally out and drive them away But Carleton would not stir, and the pertinacious Americans kept up a blockade until early in May, when the ice broke, the British ships came up the river, and it was time for them to go It certainly was curious to see from 800 to 1,500 Americans holding a garrison of 1,600 behind its fortifications, but Carleton was right. What he above all things had to do was to keep Quebec safe till spring; then an army would come from England. As long as he stayed where he was he assuredly could keep Quebec; if he sallied, he might possibly be beaten, and then Quebec would fall. He would be exchanging a certain for an uncertain chance. So with great prudence Governor Carleton sat quiet

Then the army came. Then the Americans found that the French-Canadians were as unwilling to help them as they had been to help Carleton,

[illegible] So ended the siege. A very dull continent'

CHAMPLAIN

1608—1908

BY THOMAS C. ROBSON

IS THIS the virgin forest of the past?
Those the giant oaks spreading far and wide,
That greeted Champlain in his venturous ride
By lake, river, and rapid surging fast.
E'en lonely Nipissing no barrier cast
'Fore his adventurous soul, that knew no rest,
Till he had hailed the empire of the West.
Now, in each cove white sail and sloping mast
With their once streaming pennants now in peace,
Forgetful of the winds they late did woo
On new-won seas, when striving without cease,
The long low chant he heard from rude batteau,
Heard too, the deep-mouthed cannon's booming sound
On Hochelaga's isle and royal mound.

To have been with him when with hope he sailed
In light canoe, amid a lonely wild,
When spring broke forth like a fast sleeping child,
And at his father winter chaffed and railed.
To have been with him, even tho' we failed
To grasp his deep-laid schemes. To have reposed
Mid forest verdure with great pine enclosed,
Sweet, as breath of heaven-sent cherubim
To him of old. To you almost as sweet
As chaste salute, making your vision swim,
Caught from sylvan naiad whose unbuskined feet
And fearless untamed eye, in one brief thought,
Entrapped your fancy, happy being so caught.

A MODERN MIGRATION

BY LOUISE DARBY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

YESTERDAY, a prairie schooner and a pair of raw-boned oxen; to-day, a train of eighteen cars and a high-powered locomotive. These two pictures contain the whole story of the migratory movement to the West.

To "go west" in the days of the pioneers, meant a toilsome, tedious, often dangerous journey, and the breaking of all the ties of kinship and friendship—a tearing up of a family by the roots that left an aching gap in the hearts of the immigrants and a void in the life of those who were left behind. None of these hardships have met the three hundred German Lutherans who this spring migrated from Hastings, Nebraska, to the Tramping Lake district in Saskatchewan. They encountered no dangers during their journey of a few days, more frightful than the curiosity of the throngs who swarmed at each stopping place, attracted by the posters, "Bound for Canada," on their comfortable modern cars. They broke no ties of kinship or friendship, because all their ties went with them—the colony moved bodily, parents and children, cousins and friends, even all the familiar animals from the plow horses to the pet canary.

The first installment left Hastings on April 2nd, on the "Canada Special," a train of seventeen freight cars and one tourist, carrying twenty-three families and all their household goods These modern immigrants had nothing to do but unload the stock to be watered and rested once in twenty-five or thirty hours, and cook their meals on the range in the tourist—the railroads did the rest. Here was no hardship from which the women might never recover, but rather a jaunt which the comforts and novelty made a real pleasure, so that the whole party echoed the sentiments of the little girl who sighed as she left the car for the last time: "Oh, I wish we were just starting, and then I could see it all over again!"

A pleasure jaunt truly, but also a serious undertaking. These immigrants did not look worn and weary, as though life in the past had been a struggle from which they hoped to escape; nor yet could they be classed for a moment among this world's failures; rather they looked the prosperous farmers they were. It was not necessity that was driving them from their old homes, still less was it a spirit of adventure, it was purely a business move. They were leaving a good country for a better.

As they were carried across the line into Manitoba, up through bustling Winnipeg and westward across the wheat belt, they were not disappointed. Their interest grew with every mile of rich prairie traversed, and when they came to their journey's end they unloaded their belongings with haste, eager to see the new farms and to get to work on their own fields in the land of No. 1 Hard Wheat.

Of real pioneering they are doing little. They found the district rapidly filling up, and Wilkey, the ninety-days-old town, in full running order, with hotel, stores, liveries and the railroad rapidly approaching. In the course of one afternoon's drive, one hundred and seventy-six wagon loads of settlers' effects were counted moving into the district With schools and churches already established, and plenty of good neighbors, it will not be long before the colony almost forgets that it ever lived "back in Nebraska," and feels itself entirely at home near Tramping Lake in Saskatchewan

THE SPECIAL TRAIN OF THE LUTHERAN IMMIGRANTS LOADED AND SWITCHED ON TO THE MAIN LINE

THE [illegible] MEXICANS MUST HAVE A VISE TO CROSS THE INTERNATIONAL LINE. HERE THE
MEXICAN IMMIGRATION OFFICIALS MET AND EXAMINED IT

LUTHERANS, EN ROUTE TO THEIR NEW HOMES, UNLOADING STOCK TO BE FED AT WINNIPEG

AN AFRICAN CHIEF AND HIS TRIBESMEN TAKE PART IN A DEMONSTRATION IN HONOUR OF THE COLONY'S

THE SOD HOUSE IS THE TEMPORARY HOME OF THE NEW SETTLER

THE RIGHT ANGLE

BILLIKIN

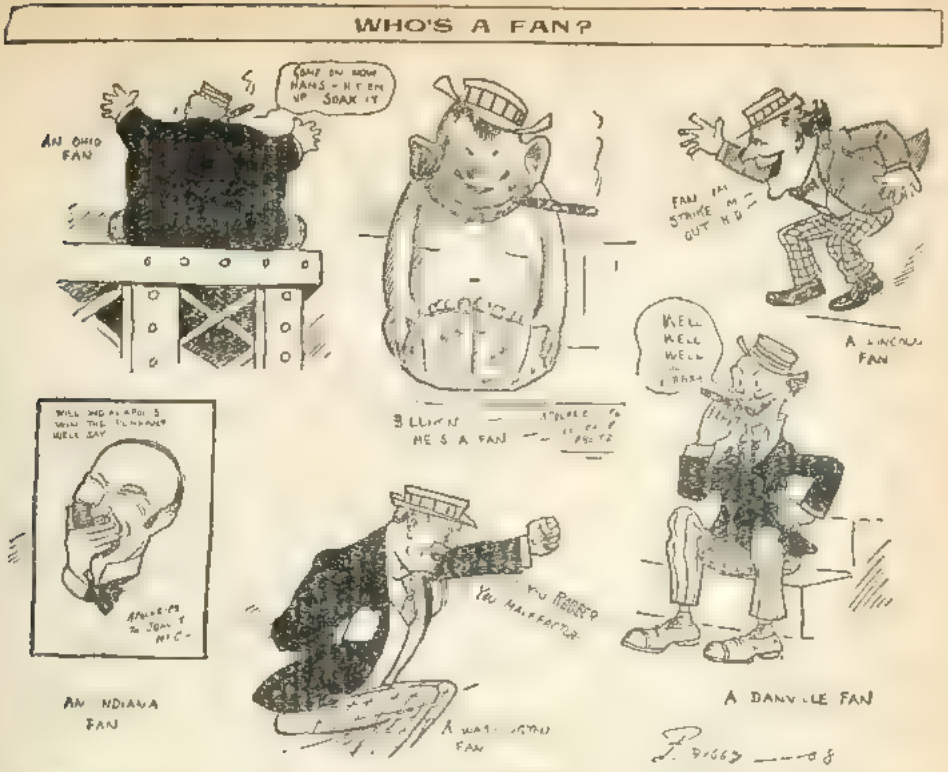
BILLIKIN and CANADA-WEST readers are old friends. For more than a year the little gnome with his infectious grin has been a welcome guest in thousands of Canadian homes. It was in this magazine, and to Canadian readers, that he made his first public appearance, but he existed even before that as a little plaster cast in the possession of his creator, Florence Pretz, the artist. Now in the States he has become the idol of the hour. Newspapers have taken him up, and the public generally are buying him right and left. In the accompanying picture Briggs, the New York cartoonist, shows Billikin and the American Presidential candidates at a baseball game.

He is as popular in the West as in the East. Under the heading, "Chicagoans worship Billikin, the Good Luck God," the Chicago Sunday *Tribune* devoted a whole page in a recent issue to the mannikin and his young creator, Miss Pretz. The latter is, in her own way, quite as odd as Billikin himself. As a student in the Kansas City schools she puzzled her drawing teachers by evolving Japanese ideas out of her own original little head. They could not understand how or where she got the secret of an alien art, and they often questioned her, "but," as the *Tribune* says, "Florence Pretz, whom her friends called 'Tinker Bell,' only gave the gay little smile she was noted for and kept on with her drawings. She had the strangest collection of mud animals of any of the children in the clay modeling class, among them queer little beasts which were never heard of in natural history books, but which were strangely like hieroglyphic animals. Then one day 'Tinker Bell' thought of Billikin. 'There never seem to be any really good-natured looking idols,' she said. 'There ought to be one to express all the new doctrine about smiling.

'Wear a smile,' 'Keep smiling,' 'Come and take a smile with me,' she repeated to herself while she was modeling, and pretty soon Billikin was evolved.

'He is the god of things as they ought to be," said Miss Pretz, as she set him up for her best girl friend, after getting him cast in plaster. 'There, smile for the lady, Billy.'"

And Billy, duplicated and re duplicated in plaster casts has been smiling ever since. He grins at care-worn business men from the tops of massive desks, at chattering school girls from a corner shelf in a cozy den, and at the



hurrying crowds from the windows of arts and crafts shops—and they all stop and smile back at him. This is the secret of his popularity—the smile he provokes.

So our Billikin—the fat little elf who took shelter under the toadstool in "Billikin's Umbrella," who flirted with the Nasturtium Girl in "Billikin in the Nasturtium Vine," and who was blissfully ignorant of the sudden transformation of the pussy willows in "While Billikin Slept"—our gnome has become public property, the present day craze. But we have a feeling of proprietorship in him because we knew him first. Sara Hamilton Birchall, poet and author, had told us all about him, and had explained his queer capers. With Miss Birchall as guide, did we not peer down his hollow log, and peep under grass blades to find him in his native haunts long before the Americans ever heard of him? Surely.

And we, too, smiled with Billikin, because we could not help it.

AN ENGLISH-CANADIAN VIEW

"WITH regard to Canada and her place in the Imperial housekeeping, it is not safe to dogmatize. It is necessary to inquire, to observe, to test, and to deal with one thing at a time." Thus writes Arthur Hawkes, in a recent issue of the *Nineteenth Century*, London. Mr. Hawkes' article, which is called "The British Trader in Canada," comments admirably on the report of Mr. Grigg, Special Commissioner of the British Board of Trade to Canada. "First-hand knowledge and plenty of it," is the burden of the song. The article shows a keenness of observation and soundness of judgment, that gives great weight to its author's unqualified endorsement of the Grigg report.

Mr. Grigg's message to the British

manufacturer makes plain the urgency of the need of first-hand knowledge, not that kind gained when they "send a son or a nephew, not long out of school, on a trip to Canada, which is designed to combine pleasure, education and business; which is admirable as far as the first two objects are concerned; and useless or worse than that, as regards business" And Mr. Hawkes takes up the plea. He sees clearly the proneness of the Englishman to consider Canada as a "second fiddle" England, when it is really composed of a variety of elements that are being molded into an entity not like any other community on the face of the globe; not even like that other cosmopolitan nation, the United States; though with the same basic predisposition towards the British idea in government that impels Australia and South Africa When we think of the French Province of Quebec, seventeenth century Norman French, Scots of the sixth generation who speak Gaelic and have never seen a railroad, and newly arrived immigrants from Galicia, Poland, Germany or Scandinavia, besides the great mass of British descended Canadians whose ideas have been modified by American-made goods and climatic conditions when we think of this, we agree that "there must be nothing casual in the study of a market compounded of such a variety of elements. We have passed the season of muddling through crises in trade and imperial politics. Lord Roseberry once said the Continental peoples dislike England because the Englishman treads Europe as if it were his quarter deck. Obviously, there is something else for the Englishman to do than to perambulate Canada as if it were his backyard. That is true of trade. It is true of politics. As soon as due heed is given to the kindly, searching admonitions of Mr. Grigg about trade, fruit will begin to ripen in the more sensitive field."

There are many suggestive ideas in the article; such sentences as these embody food for thought:

"With the increasing competition of the United States and of Canada, the British manufacturer must always have in view the possibility of becoming, to some extent, a Canadian manufacturer also.'

"Nothing can replace the initiative, courage and innovation that should belong to every British firm that means to become notable in Imperial trade.'

"There cannot be too much interchange of ideas; too much coming and going."

"British firms who look for business in Canada could make money by outfitting settlers as they will be outfitted when they have been three years in Canada."

"The importance to Britain of the connection with Canada grows faster than the importance of Britain to Canada"

There is food for thought here, and more. These prove an appreciative loyalty to both Canada and the Mother Country, on the part of this English-born Canadian writer, and his study of the commercial relations of the two countries, therefore, is worth while.

YOUR TRUE POET

To laugh with, or to laugh at—here lies the difference between humor and horse-play. It is Mr. Kiser's sympathetic insight into the soul of a boy that makes his sonnets so delicious. He knows the romantic heart beating warm and true, deep down under the rough crust, and every man of us who remembers his own youth must confess the truth of this romance of the office boy. Irresistibly as they raise a laugh, they appeal also to the best that is in a man. The office boy's singleness of purpose, the purity of his devotion, shame the passion of older years, mixed as it is with considerations of self and ambition. The sonnets are poetry as well as humor.

That he can write poetry Mr. Kiser has demonstrated in his earlier work Among the books that he has published the "Ballads of the Busy Days" are notable for including bits that have a haunting significance. Such verse as the following on "Genius" swells the breast and lifts the eyes to the heights

Ten thousand times to doubt,
Ten thousand times to let
Hope flicker out,
And yet,

Ten thousand times to start
With hope reborn and old resolves re-made.
Ten thousand bitter lessons laid to heart;
Ten thousand times to put the task away
As never to be finished—then
To take it up again,
And, after all the sweet old dreams are dead,
And all the glad old thrills for aye have fled,
To hear, some day,
The sweet praise so long denied—
And be satisfied.

Evidently the man who wrote these lines understands equally the heart of the imp who terrorizes the office and the soul of genius; haply he knows the latter so well because he has it himself—the genius of the poet.

PROSPERITY REINDEER

PROSPERITY, in the shape of three hundred reindeer, has come to Newfoundland. Up in Lapland these wonderful creatures mean the difference between poverty and comfort, and in Alaska they furnish milk and food, clothing and transport to the poor inhabitants. Now, through the untiring effort of Dr. Grenfell, the good angel of the fisher-folk of the Banks, a herd has come to Newfoundland.

It is not such a simple matter as might be supposed to arrange for the successful migration of such a herd to new homes twenty-five hundred miles away. First, the Governor of Newfoundland sent to Kew a collection of native mosses, which proved to be identical with the natural food of the Norwegian reindeer. Then came the question of expense—a hard one for a colony that is far from rich. But Dr. Grenfell was not to be balked. He travelled all over the United States and Canada, delivering lectures and raising funds. Contributions came in from various sources, from President Roosevelt and from the Canadian Government, and at last the devoted missionary had accomplished his purpose. Next, through Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian Government was persuaded to allow the exportation of sufficient forage moss for the long sea voyage. Finally, a herd on an island was bought and with its Lapp herders was embarked at Attenfjord about the middle of December.

An artificial waterfall supplied the deer because they will not touch standing water. The poor penned creatures were very seasick, and so were the Lapps, but the faithful fellows did not neglect their charges for a moment. When the ship reached Newfoundland, the Lapps went ashore to examine the country and make sure that it was fit for their pets.

So the reindeer came to Newfoundland. Dr. Grenfell has added another good deed to the countless that have endeared him to the men who toil and suffer, love and die on the stern shores of Newfoundland.

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE CHURCH AND MODERN LIFE

"MODERNISM" is rousing the Church to action. The leaders in the theological world are putting forth effort to meet the growing unrest among the laity and clergy. One of the most notable books tending to show that the Church is neither stubbornly bigoted in its attitude towards modern thought, nor unmindful of its duty as a world-saving force, is "The Church and Modern Life," by Washington Gladden. The primary intention of this able work is to show that religious thought has not been retrogressive, and that, while much has yet to be done by the Church to elevate the tone of society, the world is religiously on a higher plane than it has ever been in the past. Dr. Gladden sees that the great work before the Church is a work of reformation. The Church (and the term is used in the broadest sense of the word) has come to its testing time. "It finds itself in the midst of a society whose tendencies

are downward. Mammon is on the throne; the greed of gain is eating the heart out of commercial honor; the most cynical schemes for plundering are daily brought to light; . . . . the house of mirth resounds with the mad revelry of the wasters, while the purlieus are noisome with poverty and vice." The Church, if it is to grow must step into the arena and do the work that such men as President Roosevelt have been attempting with the Trusts; it must battle the conditions exposed, no doubt with exaggeration, by Upton Sinclair in "The Jungle." "The Church and Modern Life" is written in a simple-direct manner and the reader closes it with the feeling that religion is a thing not so much for future happiness as for present use. The ideal Dr. Gladden has in view for the world is far distant, but his clarion note of warning and suggestion will aid in bringing it about.

THE BLACK BAG

"THE Black Bag," by Louis Joseph Vance, is an atrocious book. It has no redeeming qualities, and might be passed over in silence but for one thing. For several months it has headed the list of the best selling books in America. Printers' ink and the former work of the author is the only way of accounting for its large sale. The publishers know the value of advertising, and "The Black Bag" is the best-boomed book of the year.

MY LADY OF CLEEVE

"MY Lady of Cleeve," by Percy J. Hartley, is one of the most readable romances of the year. It is an historical novel of the days of King William III., and the main action centres round a Jacobite plot to place James Stuart on the throne of England The story is not overloaded with historical detail. It is a love story, pure and simple—and a good one. The hero, Captain Adrian Cassilis, is an English D'Artagnan, a little less boastful, it is true, but without that immortal character's unconscious humor The book is packed with incident. It never flags, and by taking business and society weary men and women of this commercial age into the romantic past does an excellent work. It is a lineal descendant of "Les Trois Mousquetaires," and is of a family that never tires the world. Under the skin the race is still a race of warriors and delights in the clash of arms, hairbreadth escapes and chivalric deeds. Being what he is, the modern man cannot but find pleasure in the gracefully and strongly narrated story, "My Lady of Cleeve."

FOR JACINTA

THE modern novelist, in his search for something new, visits remote corners of the earth. The Yukon, Labrador, Newfoundland, Africa, India, have all been thoroughly explored. The islands of the sea are not being neglected. "For Jacinta," by Harold Bindloss, has for its stage the Canary Archipelago and the West African coast. The author understands the sea in calm and storm. His book, while not being great, is entertaining. There is a dual love story in it, and it might as fittingly have been named, "For Muriel"—but that would have been too commonplace. The struggle of the two heroes on the fever-haunted African coast to make a fortune for the women they loved is admirably told and in a way recalls the fierce struggle of the hero in Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." But it lacks the tragic intensity, the epic grandeur of that absorbing book. Mr. Bindloss has, however, studied his characters and scenes at first-hand. His humorous and thrilling description of a bull fight could only have been given by one who had witnessed such a scene

THE MEASURE OF THE RULE

"THE Measure of the Rule" is Robert Barr's latest book. It is not worthy of the author. It deals with one phase of Toronto life about thirty years ago; but the picture it gives of Normal School experiences is neither a true one nor artistically done. To Robert Barr, who, we believe, attended the Normal School in his youth, the life has taken on somewhat lurid and vulgar colors. This story will add nothing to his reputation.

WATCH DOGS OF THE WILDERNESS

BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

From the June PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

A LAND of infinite attraction and of infinite danger, a happy hunting ground for the outlaw; a land of peril almost prohibitive to the peaceful-minded settler. That was Western Canada thirty years ago. Now what country can point the pharasaical finger? The beauty, the fascination, the amazing possibilities, realized and yet to be, remain, and with them and of them are ordered and orderly living

In the story of how this has come about is the story of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

The mounted policeman! Don't you remember, when you were a little chap, how you looked after the uniformed man on the glossy bay, as he cantered through the park, and how you had no dearer dream of glory than to be like him? Even now, don't you feel the old, boyish thrill at the sight of a blue-coated, erect figure in the saddle at a crowded city crossing? If you do not, you are a "grown up"—saddest of labels—and will journey no more to the Never-Never-Never Land

But for us "incurable children," the sight of the mounted policeman still catches at those old heart-strings, even though he be only a tame member of "the force," and do nothing all day except protect people at crossings, or arrest a feebly-protesting "drunk-and-disorderly"

And if all this for the blue-coated brass-buttoned horseman of the parks and boulevards, what of that other horseman, the one who rides alone, the stretch of endless prairies for his beat, the criminal, who holds a life at less than nought, his quarry? Surely even your dulled imagination, poor, to-be-pitied, grown-ups, can catch fire faintly from the gleam of his scarlet coat.

Recruited chiefly from the younger sons of well-to-do and even titled English families, the Northwest Mounted Police has long been an institution where an English University man can work off the bubbling froth of a drop of gypsy blood before settling down as head of a county family and warden of his church; in the main, a collection of young men for whom the Red Gods call too wildly, men with a dare-devil dash in their make-up, who leave England because they are impecunious, or because of a row with their families, or for sheer love of adventure. Come with me to Regina or Edmonton, and you will hear stories of men who gave the recruiting officer the name of plain John Smith with something of a cynical smile—and it was bad form for the recruiting officer to notice this smile—men who had a habit of reaching for a monocle that wasn't there, of talking with the correct London pronunciation, and thrashing the fellow-trooper who called attention to this fact.

And any story you ever hear of the heir-presumptive to an English marquisate patrolling a five-hundred mile beat along the Arctic Circle, can be outmatched on the written records of the force, and in the memory of any officer. Fifteen years ago Englishmen of Kipling's "gentleman ranker" type made up fully half of the force, and the other half was composed of wild Irishmen, with all their country's love of a fight, old plainsmen, and Indian fighters, the silent, steady-eyed, hard-riding men who gather on the frontier, where the savage falls away before the ragged vanguard of civilization. And they have done their work so well that they are fast driving away their own excuse for being. The present Northwest is no more what it was in 1874 than busy Winnipeg of to-day is the old Fort Garry to which the first troop of "The Mounted" came, forty years ago.

They have made Western Canada what she is out of the lawless "Territory" — an almost preposterous undertaking—one-quarter the number of policemen in New York to govern a country 250,000 square miles larger than the United States.

In short, the Mounted Police have brought British law into Western Canada, and firmly established it. The homesteader can go into any of the Provinces and take out his claim, secure in the assurance that he can work his land undisturbed and harvest his crop uninjured. The homesteader is doing it by thousands, and the Last West is vanishing. The frontier—the last frontier of America—is being prosaically ploughed by the practical man in blue overalls, who doesn't even carry a hunting knife, except to cut off his chew of Granger Twist. The Indian has been reduced to his lowest terms. When men of the United States were building the Union Pacific across the plains, they were obliged to employ Uncle Sam's troops to guard the builders. If the ghosts of the dead who died violently in that five-year fight for the West were to line up along the right of way, there would be almost enough of them to mark the miles.

On a thirty mile ride from the North Saskatchewan to Saskatoon last fall, I met dozens of teams driven almost wholly by Indians and half breeds. They were hauling the logs that were to be driven twenty or thirty feet into the sands of the Saskatchewan to carry the false work of the Grand Trunk Pacific steel bridge.

What a contrast! Instead of hindering, as was once the case, the northern Indians are helping to build the railroad. In the construction of the new government transcontinental line, Indians are employed wherever they can be used, for the road is being rushed with all possible speed, consistent with good work. The Indians are useful, also, to the pathfinders as guides. they know the forests of new Canada, they know the mountain fastnesses of the Peace River, and they know all the crooks and canons of the Coast Range. In short, the red man of to-day is the trusted guide and faithful servant of the pathfinder. He hunts for the white man still, but quite differently from the way he used to hunt for the pioneers of old.

Thanks to the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, civilization's house is in order. To-day the freight trains carry thousands of bushels of "Alberta Red" where not long since the buffalo browsed and the white tail deer wandered undisturbed. It will not be long before "The Mounted" will be a thing of the past as well.

Commissioner Perry's report for 1906 states that the present arrangement ends on March 31, 1911. What after that?

Their work is almost done. The spirit of adventure which brought the men of 1874 to Red River Settlement will lure the hardiest on to still more distant fields. The scarlet tunic will be seen no longer, except in the pages of some historical source book, but the work of these silent steady-eyed men will live forever, a record of tireless, fearless, unflinching courage and patience—the making of a new and greater Empire.

Change has already come to "The Mounted." The days when a scant eight hundred men were magistrates, doctors, coroners, explorers, surveyors, mining recorders, crown timber agents, revenue and customs officers, telegraphers, scouts, riders, drivers, boatmen, canoemen—imagine a New York policeman in a canoe—marines and sailors, dog-drivers, mail carriers, couriers, public health and animal quarantine officers, prairie and forest fire [illegible] for the British Empire are [illegible] The border [illegible] the cattle "rustler," the whiskey trader, the fighting Indian, the whole band of swaggering ruffians who used to give zest to life in "The Territory" has largely passed away, or been crowded northward and westward toward the mining camps of Alaska and the Yukon. The reckless daring, the robust hardihood and picturesqueness of the force necessarily has somewhat changed in the development of the thoroughly civilized new Northwest. Now the young fellow

are getting their breaking in among the settled districts, while the old stagers are stationed to the north and west, where there is still "The Frontier" on the edge of untraversed wilderness.

For the purposes of the new order of things, it is a thoroughly competent and efficient force, as it was in the days of the Territory. The members must pass a physical and mental examination which guarantees that. I came upon one of them in a moment of leisure studying a textbook on the common law, and he showed me some examination questions which implied that he must know how to conduct a cross-examination in open court so as to avoid what are known in the law as "leading questions." And any lawyer will be impressed when I say that every mounted policeman must know how to take a murdered man's dying declaration in such a manner that it can be presented as evidence in court. The reason for this is that he combines the functions of a policeman with those of a petty magistrate

And this arrangement, whereby the same man could arrest you, and then try you himself, and finally put you in prison and be your keeper, was an ideal arrangement in the days when justice was a justice of the saddle, and all the more desirable for being summary. Although there are the regular civil courts in the southern portion of Canada now, in the Far North the duties of the mounted policemen are still as varied as those of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pooh Bah." Primarily, he keeps order. After that, he does everything that ought to be done and that it isn't anyone else's duty to do. And when someone else leaves his duty undone, the mounted policeman takes it up and finishes it. When the mail carrier, who covers the North Country on dog sledges, reaches the most northern limit of his route, the mounted policeman takes over the bags, and goes five hundred miles further north with them. Not long ago a letter came to my hands from the Leffingwell Polar Expedition, in which the writer states that he would take five dogs and a companion and travel three hundred miles over the ice to mail the letter. When the letter reached its destination, the envelope bore the stamp of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, who evidently had received it at one of their posts in the Arctic, and then had carried it by dog train from the ice fields to railway connection.

It is all in the day's work to them They will undertake anything from minding the baby to hanging a man with equal placidity, and put it through without flicking an eyelash. They have done their part to demonstrate that the one thing on this earth longer than the equator is the arm of English justice. Less than three years ago a mounted policeman tracked a Yukon murderer over six thousand miles, caught up with him in Mexico, brought him back by way of Jamaica and Halifax, avoiding United States soil to prevent extradition complications, and hanged him within sight of the scene of his crime

There has never been a lynching in Canada. Put that down to the credit of the Mounted Police, who administered justice so successfully that there was never any temptation for the work to be taken up by private enterprise. There was never any parallel for the experience of Bismarck, North Dakota, where it is said the first twenty-four graves were those of men who had died by violence. Towards the Indians, the Mounted Police maintained a tradition of stern vigilance which prevented anything like the shameful and costly Indian wars which the United States waged up to a few years ago. There was never in the history of Canada a train robbery such as still feature the headlines of United States newspapers from time to time. The desperado of every type had a healthy respect for the Mounted Policeman and preferred to conduct his little enterprises south of the border.

Canadians are particularly fond of telling the newly-arrived American about the troop of American cavalry—a whole troop, mind you—who tenderly escorted a band of "bad Indians", bent on crossing the border, to the Canadian boundary line. They were met by a single mounted policeman.

"Are you ready for these Indians?" asked the American officer.

"Yes, sir," responded the policeman.

"They're a bad lot. Where is your escort stationed?"

The trooper smiled faintly under his moustache. "Why, Scott's having his horse shod, and I guess Murray's over getting a drink. They'll be along in a minute."

And when presently Scott and Murray came placidly on the scene, that troop of cavalry sat on their horses and watched the band of Indians they had so carefully guarded depart under the charge of three men over the yellow prairie.

The American officer watched them dwindle to a dot across the level. Then his feelings found speech. "Well, I'm damned!" he said. And the troop rode away.

Another time a Wyoming desperado named Ernest Cashel was arrested for forgery by the Calgary city police. He escaped, and some months later murdered a ranchman for his horse and watch. Again he broke jail, and the Mounted Police searched the whole Northwest for him, finally locating him in the cellar of a shack six miles from Calgary. Following the tradition of the force, that "The Mounted" never fires first, a constable approached the cellar and ordered the desperado to surrender. Cashel fired twice from the cellar, but fortunately missed his man. The police thereupon set fire to the shack, and Cashel surrendered.

Again, old Pie-a-pot and several hundred of his tribe were making serious trouble along the railroad then under construction, and the Mounted Police promptly rode out to the Indian village with an order for the tribe to break camp and take the trail to the North, away from the line.

When the policemen explained the order to him, Pie-a-pot laughed and turned away. The other Indians jeered and discharged their guns in the air. The two policemen sat still.

"I give you just fifteen minutes to comply with the order," said the sergeant quietly, taking out his watch in full view of the old chief, and again the young braves hooted, some of the more daring even trying to jostle the mounts of the redcoats as they calmly held their position in front of Pie-a-pot's tepee. Pie-a-pot himself expressed his opinion of his visitors in fluent language, but they sat their horses with apparent indifference, the sergeant's watch open in his hand.

When the fifteen minutes were up, he dismounted, walked over to the chief's tepee, and kicked out the key-pole of the lodge with calm deliberation, bringing the whole structure down, poles, war-bonnets, drying skins, kettles and all, in a miscellaneous heap.

Pie-a-pot did some deep and rapid thinking. A gesture to his young men would have sent a hundred bullets into each of the quiet, unruffled men who were systematically going through the camp, kicking out the key-pole of each tepee. But the Indians of the Northwest had learned that sooner or later justice was done by the Mounted Police, and Pie-a-pot never made that gesture. He gave in, and in sullen silence the camp collected its scrambled effects and turned the ponies' heads north. And on the open prairie, among the stamped-out ashes of the fires, the two policemen sat in their saddles, watching them go.

Not so fortunate was the attempt of Sergeant Colebrook to arrest a fugitive Cree Indian named Almighty Voice.

Almighty Voice had stolen a steer, and Sergeant Colebrook, with a half-breed companion, rode across the prairie to arrest him. The policeman instructed the half-breed to tell the Indian that they had come to arrest him, and that he must go with them. The Cree replied: "Tell him that if he advances, I will kill him."

Instantly the half-breed covered the Indian with his rifle, but Colebrook promptly ordered him to desist, for Almighty Voice must be taken alive. Then he rode deliberately forward upon the muzzle of the Cree's rifle, and sooner than submit to the shame of arrest, Almighty Voice fired. A year later, however, the Indian was surrounded in a pit where he had taken refuge. The police brought up their field guns, and shelled the pit, killing Almighty Voice, and thus avenging Sergeant Cole-

brook's death. The outcome of this incident served to prevent serious trouble with the Indians, who were all in a more or less sulky and unsettled mood at the time.

How greatly the Indians have come to respect the just and impartial administration of the law by the Mounted Police was shown when one of Mecasto's band escaped from the guard-room at Macleod, after having been tried by the police and convicted on a charge of theft. When he returned to Mecasto's camp, the chief, who had attended the trial at which the fugitive was convicted, had been so impressed by the impartial nature of the proceedings and by the fair administration of justice that he promptly delivered him up again at the Fort gate to the officer in command.

Perhaps the greatest achievement which the police ever undertook was accomplished when they persuaded Sitting Bull and his band of between five and six thousand hostile Sioux to return and surrender to the United States authorities when they had taken refuge in Canada after the memorable massacre of General Custer and his command. Commissioners from the United States had visited Sitting Bull and had negotiated with the chief for his return and surrender to no avail. The police, however, by infinite tact and diplomacy, and because in their previous transactions they had won the confidence of the Indians of the Northwest, at length succeeded in inducing Sitting Bull and his hostile braves to return peaceably to the United States, an exploit of which any body of men might be proud.

When the Boer War broke out, England called for the Mounted Police to help her there. One-third of them, practically the pick of the force, went out. Very few of them ever came back. Many were offered commissions, and some accepted. Wherever there is trouble, there the Mounted Police are the answer to the problem as they have been in Western Canada for thirty years, from the time of the Riel rebellion up to to-day.

The story of "The Mounted" has its shadows. Men grew tired of the loneliness and deserted at times: men who had lost all—love, hope, ambition—quietly went away into the wilderness and blew out their brains. The life was unsettling; men could not leave it and take up clerical work or farming, because adventurers are not built that way. Sometimes they tried it, and then there was a record of shirked responsibility. Even the tamest and quietest of them had moods when the blood ran wild for the old freedom, when there was no peace by day and no sleep night after night; when they must be in the saddle again, or off to sea, or away to some mining rush, war, exploration, anywhere beyond the fences, out on the frontier. They heard again the dip of paddles, the click of the trigger, the roar of the surf, the thunder of horses—and in the morning they were gone.

But shadows and all, the story of the Canadian Mounted Police is one of the most gorgeous tales since the days of the Spanish Main. And the spirit of the force is best embodied in that message found scrawled on the orders of a policeman who perished in a blizzard while making his way with dispatches to a distant post. In his last moments, with numbed hand he, had written: "Lost, horse dead. Am trying to push ahead. Have done my best."

WHAT MAKES A TOWN GROW?

BY MARY S. MANTLE

WE WERE travelling along the Soo-Pacific line, which connects Minneapolis and Moose-jaw. Our train was just steaming into the town of Estevan, Saskatchewan, the present, though not the ultimate, terminus of the Canadian Pacific extension from Brandon. I well remembered the time, so recent, when no town was here, and, turning to my companions, said: "What makes a town grow?"

No one is permitted to live long in our West of to-day without the word "growth" forming a very important addition to his vocabulary, and the spirit of growth and advancement entering into the very marrow of his bones. Where men meet together, the talk is largely of expansion, and in no connection is this more true than when travelling over the various railway lines of our country. The possibilities, the natural advantages or disadvantages, resources, situation, etc., of the various districts through which our train progresses are freely canvassed, and again I voice the pertinent question: "What are the essentials for the growth and permanence of a town?"

The company sit in silence for a time, then opinions freely circulate. "Judicious advertising," says one;—that is necessary, but not all sufficient.

"The right kind of ambitious and hardworking settlers,"—a factor, but not *the* factor.

"Capital," a third suggests—a certain amount necessary.

"Good railroad facilities"—always a drawing-card.

"Fuel and good water."

Then our thoughts take broader shape, and we finally agree that a town grows if it has natural advantages in the territory tributary to it which can be advantageously and profitably exploited, and are given publicity; and, further, if during this time the necessities for the existence of its exploiters can be procured without undue exertion and cost.

The past has furnished so many examples of the truth of this; the present furnishes full as many, and the future—who can say where growth will end when the field for expansion is a country so rich in natural endowments, so limitless in extent, so sun-bathed as is the Last Great West! With the true acuteness of his countrymen our American friend remarked: "Yes, it is a great country, but the man who has far vision will stake out his claim *now*, and before he has had time to pigeonhole his papers, its value will have doubled. One following another told of his experience, or the experience of someone he knew, where in so short a space as two years, values had jumped from $75.00 to $300.00 a lot, and the only regret on the part of the investor was that he had not ventured more.

One of our party was a resident of Estevan, and, feeling evidently that experience outweighed theory, offered us a concrete example of the subject under discussion—"What makes a town grow?" And, truly, right in his home town were substantiated the theories we had been constructing in our earlier talk.

Surrounding this town is a fertile farming country, where crops have averaged better than in most other localities. The moisture stored in the ground during the winter, through the frost, materially aids the growth of the wheat; the long hours of sunshine and the cool nights, occasioned by the high altitude of nearly 2,000 feet above the sea level, produce a hard grade of wheat preferred by millers to the variety grown in warmer climates.

Mining operations are carried on in a rapidly increasing measure in the

vicinity of Estevan. Lignite coal in veins running from seven to eleven feet thick—a good coal for domestic and commercial purposes—is being mined without the expense of deep shafts and hoists; the veins being tapped and dug out from the river banks.

A short time ago it was discovered that the stratas of earth underneath the surface in and about this town contained excellent clays, shale and sand. An experimental brick factory was started and a superior quality of brick is now being manufactured at low cost, the raw material and the fuel necessary for preparing it being so abundant and accessible. The brisk demand for this brick will necessitate an early extension of the present factory with its capacity of six to seven carloads a day.

Estevan is but young yet, and our enthusiastic citizen enlarged not only on its past and present, but on its undoubted future growth, having visions of the manufacture of pottery and fire brick, chemists having affirmed that the clays there rendered this possible, which decision capitalists will one day crystalize into busy factories, the development of each new industry thus paving the way for others.

"But what about the necessities of life for its inhabitants," we asked; "the two great problems of fuel and water which face every new town?" To Estevan these are not problems. We had already seen where lay their fuel supply, and the character and contour of the country lying before our eyes explained their water resources, which are unlimited, and a slope or large river basin offers favorable drainage facilities.

As one year succeeds another, we look over the map of the West, and can trace world history in the names of the towns, and approximately place the date of their inception. We are surprised to realize that though of mushroom growth, they have the stability of the oak, their roots striking deeper each year. They are so young in years; they are but newly awakening and stretching their limbs—yet what young giants they are, what backbone of true worth they possess, what muscles of industry they are developing! If half a decade has shown such marvellous progress, and the West has as yet only put out a few feelers into her vast unknown, what surprises has the future in store?

Pessimists are not lacking who say that we are going ahead too fast, that we are outgrowing our strength, but pessimists are to be found everywhere, and the facts do not confirm this view. There are people who feel that every encouraging situation calls for a corrective, like the Manitoba farmer of habitual grumbling tendencies, who when his friend said: "Well, John, you have nothing to complain of this year with your forty bushel to the acre crop," remarked: "Humph! dunno. It's hard on the ground!"

Though for commercial purposes, climate is always reckoned with as an important factor, yet where men are able to attain moderate wealth so quickly as they are with industry in Western Canada to-day, climate in so far as it affects the individual is not greatly considered. Yet surely a climate so invigorating, so dry and so bright cannot fail to leave its impress for good on the work and lives of its people.

Sometimes the first condition named for the growth of a town—natural advantages in the territory tributary to it which can be advantageously and profitably exploited—is alone sufficient to make it grow; but when the further conditions mentioned are fulfilled, what may we not expect? Western Canada is studded with "Estevans," and also with towns possessing not only the main qualification for growth, but aided by capital, advertising, suitable colonization, etc., these towns are forging ahead at a rate surprising even to the most sanguine.

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

HEAVENLY ARTILLERY

THE family was gathered in the library admiring a splendid thunder storm, when the mother bethought herself of Nellie alone in the nursery. Fearing lest her little daughter should be awakened and feel afraid, she slipped away to reassure her. Pausing at the door, however, in a vivid flash of lightning which illumined the whole room, she saw her youngest sitting straight up in bed. Her big brown eyes were glowing with excitement, and she clapped her chubby hands while she shouted encouragingly:

"Bang it again, God! Bang it again!"

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT

A CERTAIN ship doctor was always prescribing salt water for the sailors who complained. No matter what the ailment might be, the patient was always given the gruff advice, "Take a dose of salt water."

One day during a bit of a blow, the doctor was carried overboard. At once there was commotion on deck, and the captain rushed up to investigate.

"What's the matter?" he shouted to he sailor on watch.

"Oh, 'tis nothin', sir!" coolly replied the man, "only the doctor fell into the medicine chest."

WHOSE FAULT?

"THESE whiners who have nobody but themselves to blame," said the Hon. Wilfred Laurier, the other day, "remind me of the bad little boy who ran howling to his mother:

" 'Oh, ma, Johnny has hurt me!'

" 'And how did bad Johnny hurt mother's little darling?'

" 'Why, I was a'goin' to punch him in the face and he ducked his head and I hit my knuckles against the wall.' "

CONVENIENT COMMANDMENT

IN humorous defense of outspoken and frank methods Senator Tillman says: "These people who always keep calm fill me with mistrust. Those that never lose their temper I suspect. He who wears under abuse an angelic smile is apt to be a hypocrite. An old South Carolina deacon once said to me with a chuckle: 'Keep yo' tempah, son. Don't yo' quarrel with no angry pusson. A soft answah am allus best. Hit's commanded, an' furthermo', sonny, hit makes 'em maddah'n anything else yo' could say.' "